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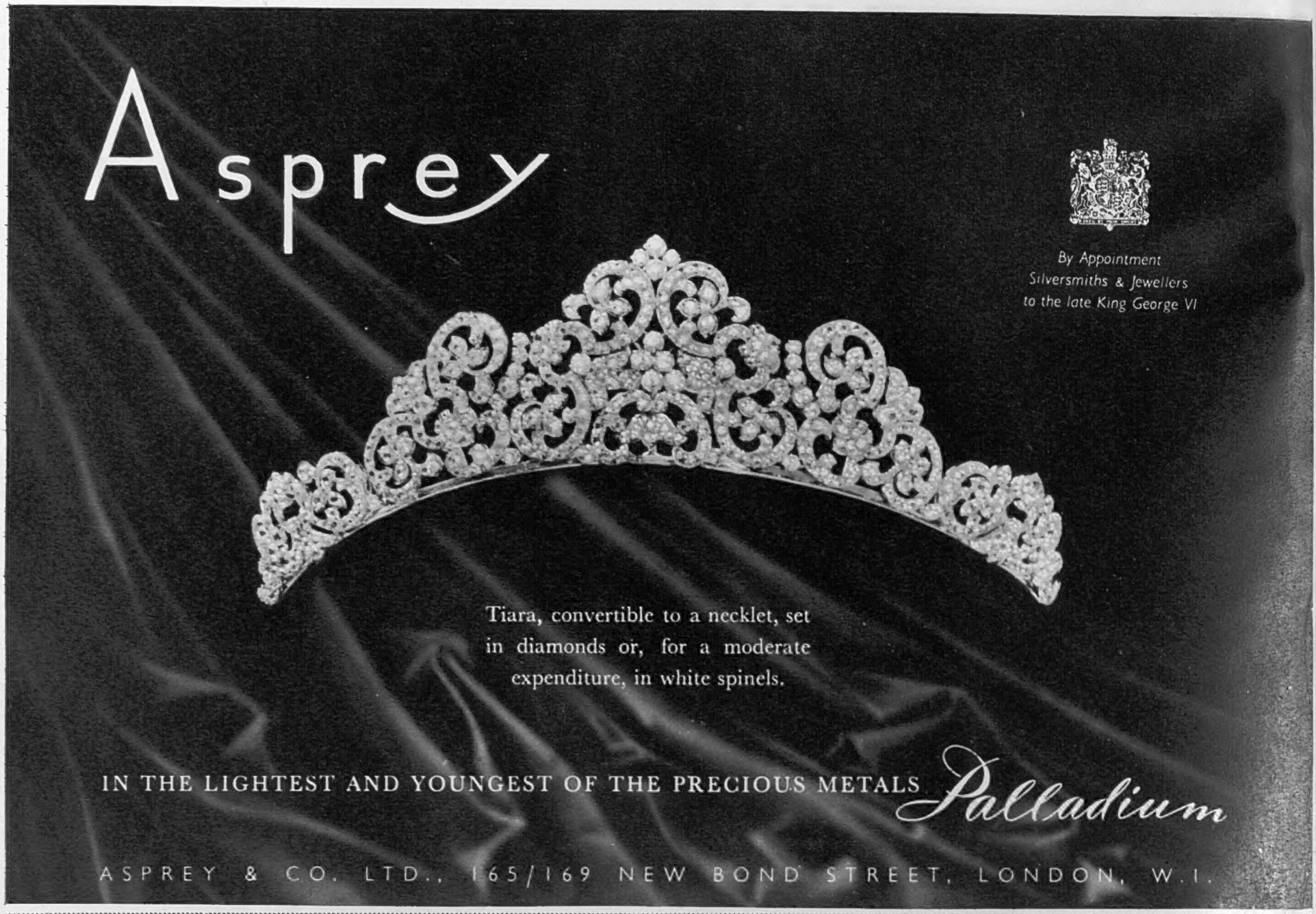

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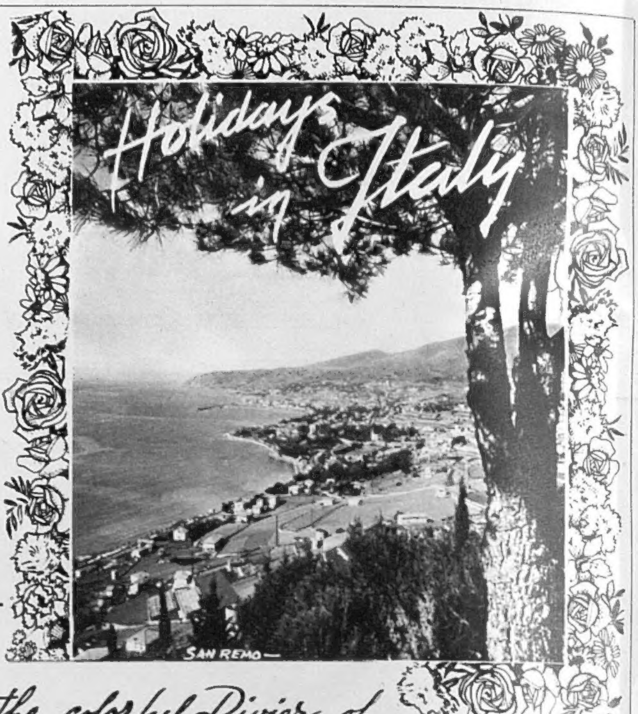

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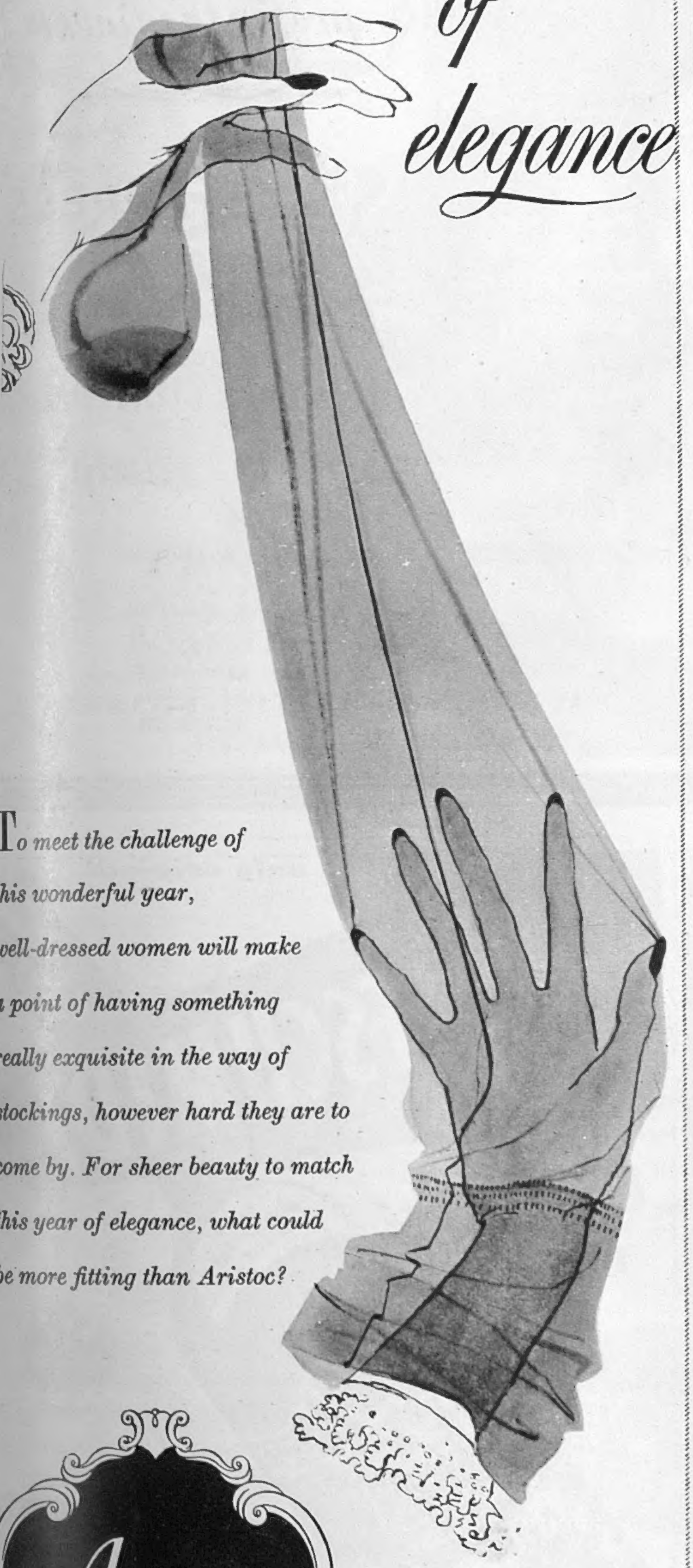

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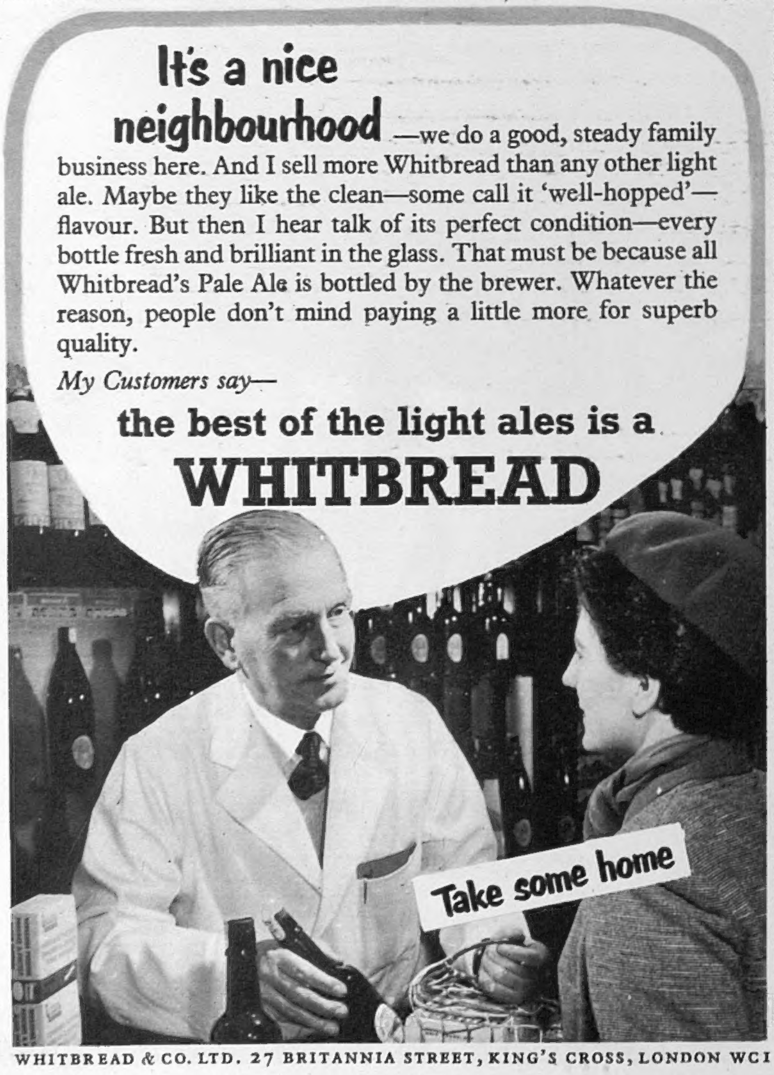
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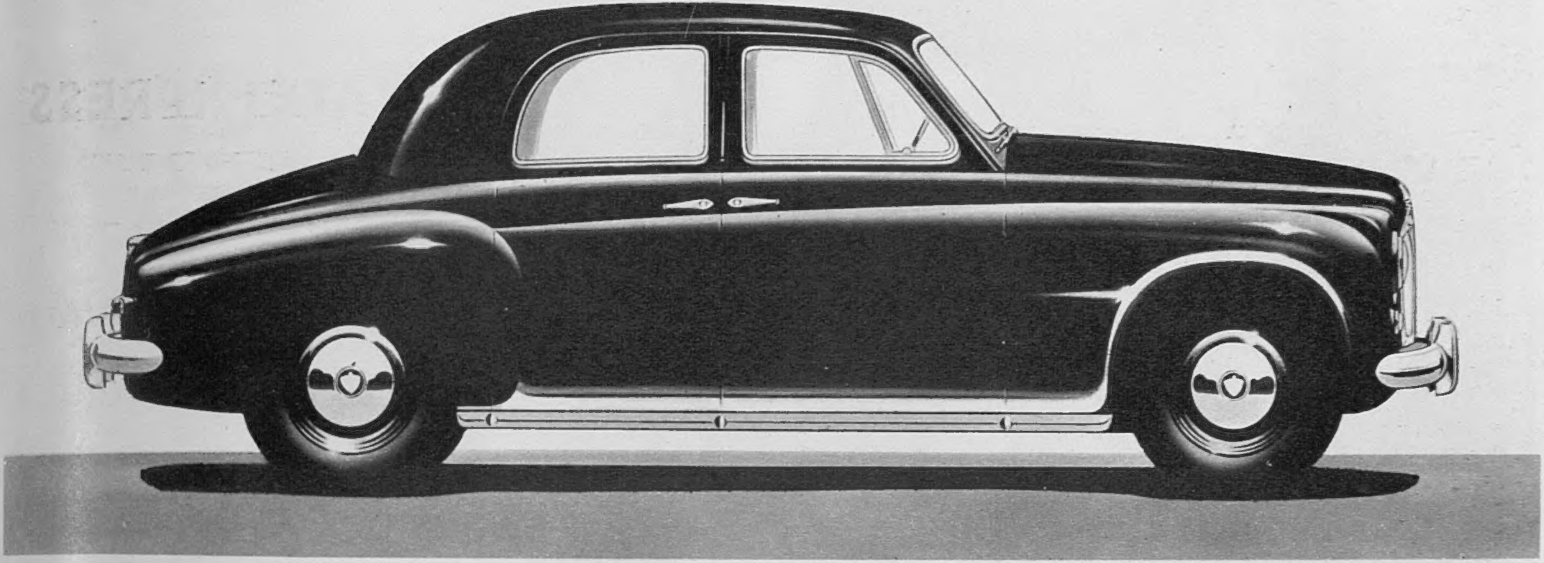

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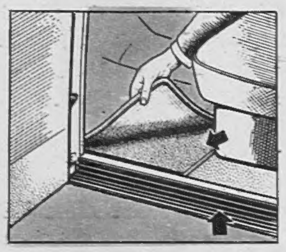

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1953

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

VIOLETTA ELVIN

A ballerina in the grand tradition is lovely, raven-haired Violetta Elvin, who trained in Moscow's renowned Bolshoi Theatre. Now one of the prima ballerinas of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, Miss Elvin has recently been gaining tremendous acclaim for her outstanding performances in *Swan Lake* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Her amazing fluidity and grace of gesture make sheer poetry of her simplest movements, and her recent sojourn in Milan, where she danced *Swan Lake* and *Petrouchka* as guest star at the La Scala from November to January, appears to have given her an added confidence. Apart from the technical brilliance of her dancing, her two entirely separate characterisations in the dual rôle of Odette-Odile display a remarkable dramatic ability. Ballet enthusiasts will be able to see her on May 28th in *The Sleeping Beauty*, and then again on Coronation night, June 2nd, when she dances in Frederick Ashton's new ballet, *Homage to the Queen*.

"... FIDDLE, 'CELLO, BIG BASS DRUM"—and although the fiddle and the 'cello have passed out of the picture with the rest of the Helston Town Band, at least the big bass drum remains to lead the procession of elegant dancers as they set out for the famous Floral Dance on May 9th.

Our Motley Notes

BY TOBY O'BRIEN

FROM what I gather, I do not think that Sir Walford Selby's book about the Foreign Office is likely to make him unduly popular with his former colleagues. I have not yet read the book, but I cannot help admiring Sir Walford for his courage in taking on Lord Vansittart, for "Van" is one of the most forthright polemicists of our time.

However, the former Ambassador is not lacking in courage. I remember when I was in Lisbon in June and July 1940, it was considered certain that the victorious Germans would sweep right through Spain to attack Gibraltar and invade Portugal, to secure the Atlantic seaboard. The Germans in Lisbon themselves boasted that they would "take Portugal by telephone." Indeed, there was nothing to stop them. The Portuguese showed me the four modern ack-ack guns which were all we had been able to spare them for the defence of Lisbon, two of which were still in the railway trucks down at the docks. The crack fighter squadron of the Portuguese consisted of obsolete Puss Moths.

In the circumstances it was perhaps not wholly surprising that the British colony in Lisbon was in a pretty fair state of jitters. They urged on Sir Walford that it was his duty to ask for shipping to evacuate. Sir Walford replied by summoning them to the Embassy, where he gave them hell. He pointed out that they had enjoyed the protection of Britain and the hospitality of Portugal, in some cases, for many years past, and it was their duty to remain where they were and accept whatever fate had in store for them. In any case, he added, Britain needed every ton of shipping in her hour of crisis that was available to her.

It is difficult now to recapture the feeling of impotent fury and anxiety of that time. I shall never forget, on the day that France fell, the size of the Swastika flag which flew from the German Embassy, next door up the hill from the British. It looked as if it had been specially woven for the occasion. The arrogance of the Germans in Lisbon was such that it was difficult not to get involved in brawls with them. Luckily, the Portuguese themselves did much to abate German swollen-headedness. At one time there was a complete ward in one of the Lisbon hospitals filled with Germans who were recovering from the effects of too great arrogance.

I RECENTLY encountered Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, just back from his 12,000-mile motoring tour in the United States. He tells me that he did twenty-five lectures in twenty-five States, and made fourteen radio and television broadcasts on the subject of the "stately homes of England." One thing he found surprising, and that was that in this Coronation year, at a time when American interest in the Coronation could not be greater, no official lecturer has been sent out to talk on this subject.

He found that one question—probably the most frequent—was: How much did the Royal family and the Court cost the taxpayer? To which the reply is, of course, "Nothing," as, indeed, the taxpayer makes a good bargain out of the exchange of the revenues of the Crown lands for the Civil List. He found this, however, as difficult to get across as we find it to understand the complexities of the American Constitution.

While he was lecturing on "the stately homes of England" he visited a large number of American "stately homes." Here he was impressed by the scale of charges, running from 1.25 dollars to 2 dollars, for an entrance fee—a sum which no British "stately home" owner would think of trying. Unlike their English counterparts, very few of the great homes of America are still lived in—which makes them less attractive from a tourist point of view than our own. Edward Montagu tells me that he is awaiting with some apprehension the deluge of American visitors whom, in weak moments, he has promised to show over Beaulieu this summer!

TALKING of the Coronation, I am interested to see that the lesson chosen for the ceremony in the Abbey is the famous one about rendering unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's. In it, it will be recalled, the Pharisees, who were trying to tempt Our Lord, produced a coin and asked if it was lawful to render tribute unto Cæsar, to which He replied with the question: "Whose image and superscription is this?" From childhood I have always been brought up on the delightful schoolboy howler of the small boy who was asked: "What do you know about the Pharisees?" To which he replied: "The Pharisees were a mean lot. One of them brought a penny to Our Lord, and Our Lord looked at it and said: 'Whose imaginary subscription is this?'"

I AM indebted to my friend Collie Small, the star *Saturday Evening Post* writer, who has been over here for a week or so (will it be possible for those who have business connections overseas to survive the Coronation and all the visiting "firemen"?) for two enchanting stories.

The first is a little difficult to tell typographically. It is as follows: A Pole was making his first visit to England after the war, and went to see a business man. He said: "I am very pleased—peh, pah, pah, woo, woo, pah, pah—to make your acquaintance. I am very happy to be—pah, pah, pah, woo, peh, pah—in your country, and I hope that we shall do a lot of—pah, peh, pah, pah—business together." To which his host replied politely that he hoped so too, but could not resist enquiring whether he suffered from a disability. The Pole replied that he did not, but to a further polite enquiry as to where he learnt his English, he said: "Oh, on—peh, pah, pah, woo, woo, pah, pah—short wave."

The second I like even better. Before the war there was a Polish farmer whose farm was just on the Russian side of the frontier. Came a boundary demarcation commission, which slightly moved the frontier, so that his farm was now in Poland. The Polish authorities came to him and told him this, and were greatly moved by his ecstatic expressions of gratitude and relief.

"Does it really mean so much to you?" they said.

"Yes, yes, yes!" he replied fervently. "Thank God, no more of those ghastly Russian winters."

IT is pleasant to be able to record an occasion when 100 per cent. of the speeches were delightful, witty and short. One such was the unveiling of a plaque to the memory of Henry Mayhew, the great nineteenth-century sociologist, and first editor of *Punch*, in Albany Street, off Regent's Park. Mr. Ian Harvey, M.P., said that while he was a member of the L.C.C. he could safely say that nothing he had proposed had been carried into effect, so that he was all the more glad that now he was no longer connected with that body—a severance by no means the result of a disagreement with the electorate—a proposal of his, that an L.C.C. plaque should be erected, had at length been carried into effect.

Also present at the party, which was given in Jack Profumo's delightful house in Chester Terrace, off Regent's Park, was Mr. Fiske, a prominent Socialist member of the L.C.C. Mr. Mayhew's greatest book was *London Labour and the London Poor.* Mr. Fiske, said Mr. Harvey, represented the first and he, as a Member of Parliament, represented the second. Malcolm Muggeridge's quotations from the biography of Mayhew were admirably chosen. Mayhew was: "Lovable, jolly, charming, bright, coaxing and unprincipled. He rarely wrote himself, but would dictate, as he walked to and fro, to his wife, whom he would also leave to confront his creditors," and that "indolence was his besetting sin." Indeed, the amiable man—plump, bewhiskered and genial-looking—"although he made considerable sums by his writings, he never seemed to have a shilling; and most of the letters he received were from dunning creditors." He didn't allow these letters to distress him—"an immunity which he achieved by the simple expedient of never opening them, but 'handing them over to his wife to do what she pleased with them.'"

BUSHY: by Hargrave

CORONATION COACH.
Specially Built to the Order of Queen Mab.

"Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut
Made by the joiner squirrel . . ."
—*Spenser's Faerie Queene.*

I HAD no idea that there were so many members of the Kandahar Ski Club—the "Jockey Club of Ski-ing"—until I went to the Club's spring cocktail party, held in the fine new premises of the Ski Club of Great Britain in Eaton Square. It was a most agreeable occasion, for although it was almost impossible to move, the crowd was made up almost entirely of old friends. Exasperatingly, all were talking of what a splendid season it had been from the point of view of the weather. There was a large contingent from Zermatt, including Patsy Richardson and Bill Bracken, and Mürren, as the birthplace of the Kandahar, was, of course, extremely strongly represented. . . . *Eheu fugaces!* How strange to see Herr Godi Michel, whom I remember first as a fair-haired young skier who was reputed to be one of the finest climbers in all that district of fine mountaineers, looking grey-haired and distinguished, and obviously on his way to that elder statesmanship in the Swiss tourist industry for which, I gather, he is destined by ability, if not yet by years. I have, somewhere in my family album, pictures of Godi with Sir Arnold Lunn in those far-off days when, if you wanted to get up the Schiltgrat and enjoy its powder snow, you had to climb up every foot of the way on skins. Even in those days, however, Arni had already been christened the "Ski Pabst" or "Pope of Ski-ing," and I suppose there is no name internationally better known in the world of that sport. . . . *Eheu fugaces!* At the party a sweet young thing came up to me, and said: "Who was that distinguished-looking elderly gentleman to whom you were speaking?" I replied proudly: "That is my old friend Sir Arnold Lunn." "And who," she asked, "is Sir Arnold Lunn?"

THE disappearance of London under vast masses of not very attractive scaffolding was pleasantly summed up by the small boy, who informed his friends that he had been up to London to see the Coronation desecrations.

Mr. Jeremy Bradshaw-Smith and Miss Caroline Wynne-Thomas in the grounds of the Guards' Boat Club at Maidenhead, which were prettily lighted for the occasion.

Mr. Basil Prodden of The Bourne, Bourne End, and Miss Sheila Dennis of Flackwell Heath, who have just announced their engagement.

Guests the cameraman foun[d] enjoyable function were, l. to r. Goodinge, Mr. John Ha[l]

BUCKS and BERKS BACHELORS' CLUB

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by A. V. Swaebe.

Snapped together at a supper table were Mr. Peter Manners-Wood and Mrs. Robin Archer . . .

A happy foursome having supper together were Mr. Ian Eiloart, Miss Anne Makin, Mr. Michael Makin and Miss Antoinette Pioleaw.

Mr. F. Wedlake, Clerk to the Justices at Maidenhead, and the Hon. Mrs. G. R. D. Musson, the very attractive sister of Lord Glanusk.

chatting together at this very
Mrs. John [illegible], Captain A. W.
and Sir D[illegible] Salt.

Miss Susan Mein closes her eyes against the flash-bulb's glare as she and her partner, Mr. Ian Henderson, are snapped together.

Many guests took advantage of the warm night air to stroll in the beautiful grounds of the Guards' Boat Club as did Mr. P. Ryecroft and Miss Fay Potter.

A highly-successful Coronation Ball was held by the Buckinghamshire and Berkshire Bachelors' Club on May 1st at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead, to raise funds for the restoration of Westminster Abbey. About 250 guests were present, and many took advantage of the warm night to stroll in the beautiful riverside grounds. (When a Club member becomes engaged, he must buy a case of champagne, and this was the fate of Mr. Basil Prodden.)

. . . and Mr. Robin Archer and Mrs. Peter Manners-Wood, here enjoying a joke together.

On the balcony were Miss Valerie Campion and Mr. John Lead, and Guardsman M. N. Smith of the Scots Guards, on patrol duty in the grounds.

Another foursome who got together over the supper table were, *l. to r.:* Mr. J. Shankland, Mr. John Stephenson, Mrs. John Stephenson and Mrs. J. Shankland.

OUR BOOKSHELF

THE WOODEN O. By Celia Dale. (*Jonathan Cape ; 12s. 6d.*)
CRY FOR SHADOWS. By Alex Atkinson. (*Peter Davies ; 12s. 6d.*)
THE BROKEN PENNY. By Julian Symons. (*Gollancz ; 9s. 6d.*)
CARSON. By H. Montgomery Hyde. (*Heinemann ; 25s.*)

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

THERE was a superstition, now almost dead, I think, that novels about the stage, or about stage people, do not succeed. Two of this week's books should help to bury it, for the characters in both of them are almost entirely people of the theatre and both are vastly entertaining and deserve to become popular. The first is *The Wooden O*, by Celia Dale. The enigmatic title is the name of the only perfect Tudor theatre still standing in England, at Littlewood-in-Arden, and this is the story of a season there. The author is highly successful in making this and the very mechanics of the productions interesting in themselves, and we become conscious of strong sympathies with the company in its efforts to compete with Stratford-upon-Avon. But soon the personalities of the players and their stories, threaded in and out of the main design, catch the light. There is Lorna with her two brilliant young sons, predestined to be actors. There is the producer, single-minded, painfully sincere, and his downright slangy wife whose money has backed the season because she is herself descended from the family who built the theatre and the manor house beside it. There is the love-affair between James Fenton and Tina Lambert, and there is Dido Elliot, the seventeen-year-old girl with the possessive and ambitious mother. There is, too, the no-longer-young star Hugh Milton and his wife Connie, with their blackmailing drunken gaol-bird of a son who provides a good scene for Peter Harris. And so on. It is, as it was bound to be, somewhat bitty, but one is forced to nod sententiously at the end and say, "so is life," and to reflect that these are real people thinking, behaving, talking as people do. A very good novel.

THE second book with stage people for its characters is *Cry for Shadows*, by Alex Atkinson, who wrote another novel about a repertory company called *All Next Week*. This one has as background a provincial town, its sordidness and philistinism suggested rather than described. Its people are not all actors, but the central situation is provided by a party given on a Sunday afternoon by a quiet scene-painter called Fred. The guests are Martin and Steve, two actors, and Steve's girl Rene, who is a programme-seller at the near-by Hippodrome. The party starts with tea and a cake Fred has made himself; he has taken this trouble because he is lonely and unhappy and wants to talk about himself. This he does, so do his guests; they think about themselves, too, and the people they have known, and they project themselves into the future so that the book gives one a sense of space and time concentrated in Fred's poky little room. By the time he has produced a bottle of sherry we know a great deal about all these people and a good many others. We know, for instance, why Fred suddenly got drunk a few nights before, and we know that he is going to find again the girl whose image had dominated his life. It is all very well done, and here again we find real people behaving naturally.

MORE and more writers of "whodunits" are turning towards the thrillers or adventure story, and Mr. Julian Symons, in his new novel *The Broken Penny*, is the latest example of this tendency. Here we have no murder mystery but the classic opening situation in this kind of fiction—a man leading a quiet life being suddenly dragged or persuaded into adventure. Charles Garden with a "knobbly, time-beaten face" is confronted in a pub by an old acquaintance, Geoffrey Latterley. Charles is a disillusioned left-winger who had been an officer in the Spanish Republican Army and a corporal in our own. Latterley introduces him to one of the would-be world emperors who crop up in such stories, and he is persuaded to return to an Iron Curtain country with a one-time liberal leader who had escaped with him when the Communists threw off all pretence at democracy and arrested fellow-travellers. This country, shaped like a broken penny, provides Garden with hair-breadth escapes and a future wife, besides being rich in names like Granz, Arbitzer, Lepkin, Prilit and Peplov. It is all genuinely exciting.

WHATEVER profession considers itself insufficiently treated by biographers nowadays it can scarcely be the Law, and *Carson*, by H. Montgomery Hyde, is only one of a number of recent lives of lawyers which is almost too good for its subject. Carson does not seem to have been a particularly likeable or interesting man, but his life, the cases in which he was an advocate, the scramble of Anglo-Irish politics in which he was involved are of paramount interest, and Mr. Hyde recalls them all very clearly. He shows us the Wilde case from the point of view of Lord Queensberry's counsel, and summarises other famous lawsuits and disputes, the trial of Dr. Leander Starr Jameson after his famous Raid, the Lynch treason trial, forerunner of several of its kind, the Archer-Shee ("Winslow Boy") case, the Marconi scandal, the Lever "soap trust" case, the Cadbury libel action, the Russell bigamy trial, the Chapman poisoning case, the case of Archdeacon Wakeford, and many others. Carson's political career—for instance, his hand in the downfall of the Asquith administration in 1916 and his untiring work as an Ulster Unionist—is treated with the same detached clarity.

A NOTABLE YEAR OF OFFICE

MAJOR A. HUSKISSON

The Worshipful Company of Woolmen, whose Master, Major Huskisson, has just completed a most distinguished year of office, is one of the oldest of the City's Livery Companies. Granted a charter by Edward III., they faithfully carried out the Royal purpose of protecting the British wool industry, maintaining the quality of the product and upholding the reciprocal obligations of master and apprentice. To-day, in common with other guild companies, they now perpetuate the honourable traditions of the City of London in philanthropic causes, towards which Major Huskisson raised the fine sum of £50,000 during his year of office.

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By Norman Goodland. (*Hutchinson ; 12s. 6d.*)

Picture of life in an agricultural community half-a-century ago.

A.A. ROAD BOOK TO SCOTLAND.
Automobile Association. (*For Members only ; 12s. 6d.*)

An absolutely invaluable vade-mecum for any motorist proposing to go touring Scotland.

THE MODERN INQUISITION.
By Hugo Dewar. (*Wingate ; 15s.*)

An intelligent collation of information available about Soviet methods of cross-examination.

THE REAL MACKAY.
(*News Chronicle ; 4s. 6d.*)

A volume of essays with a profile by R. J. Cruikshank commemorating an amiable and ingenious columnist.

THE GOOD FOOD GUIDE 1953-54.
By Raymond Postgate. (*Cassell ; 5s.*)

A record of over 750 recommended places throughout Great Britain where you can depend on getting a decent meal at a reasonable price.

A COUNTRY OF MEMORABLE HONOUR.
By Thomas Firbank. (*Harrap ; 10s. 6d.*)

The author makes a walking-tour from Llangollen, *via* Bangor and Anglesey to Cardiff, conscious of his task of "re-assessing Wales."

THE NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL COOKERY BOOK. By Maria Lo Pinto.
(*Lehmann ; 12s. 6d.*)

A few menus each from the restaurants of New York's foreign colonies. A good idea and some useful suggestions.

GOOD FOOD FROM FRANCE.
By H. P. Pellaprat. Translated and adapted by Charlotte Turgeon. (*Muller ; 12s. 6d.*)

In this translation the original French family cooking primer loses none of its clarity and excellence. Of all the attempts in recent years to interpret the French cuisine to the English housewife I should choose this for its lucidity and inclusiveness.

BURKE'S PEERAGE, BARONETAGE AND KNIGHTAGE.
(*Burke's Peerage Limited ; 10 guineas.*)

The 100th edition, the second since the war, of this noted reference work will be available next week (May 27th), and several new features have been added to cover the centenary and the Coronation. In addition, the scope of the work has been enlarged so that the present edition is 200 pages longer than its predecessor.

Recommended Thrillers

MUSE IN ETERNITY.
By Nedra Tyre. (*Macdonald ; 9s. 6d.*)

DOCKEN DEAD.
By John Trench. (*Macdonald ; 9s. 6d.*)

DANGER FOR THE BARON.
By Anthony Morton. (*Hodder and Stoughton ; 7s. 3d.*)

Lord Inchiquin, of Dromoland Castle, Newmarket-on-Fergus, Co. Clare, with Mrs. John Sim, from London, who was one of the Dromoland Castle house-party for the Show.

Miss Virginia Nicholson, of Kells, Co. Meath, who hunts with the Meath and Ballymacad Foxhounds, with *Ziree el Wada*, which was bred by her mother, Mrs. Christopher Nicholson, and won the championship in the Children's Ponies Classes.

The Dowager Countess of Lauderdale (*left*) with her daughter and son-in-law, Lord and Lady Carew, of Celbridge, Co. Kildare, with their younger daughter, the eight-year-old Hon. Sally Connolly-Carew, and (*right*) her daughter-in-law, Viscountess Maitland.

THE DUBLIN SPRING SHOW

The Dublin Spring Show at Ballsbridge, a feature of which is always a visit by the French cavalry unit, the Cadre Noir, was this year (May 5th to 9th), for once, blessed with exceptionally good weather. The standard of entries was very high indeed and, with all the judging taking place in spring sunshine, the Show was one of the most popular ever with the enthusiastic spectators.

Photographed by Charles C. Fennell.

The Hon. W. E. Wylie (*left*), General Steward of the Royal Dublin Society, discusses entries with Mrs. Hindley and Mr. John R. Hindley, of Clitheroe, Lancs, who judged riding ponies and hacks at the Show.

Major Michael Beaumont, M.F.H., Master of the Kildare Hounds, and a former M.P. for Aylesbury, with Mrs. John Alexander, of Milford, Co. Carlow, a former Master of the Limerick Hounds.

Several guests had a small dinner-party before the ball. Enjoying coffee and liqueurs are *l. to r.*: His Serene Highness Prince Johannes of Thurn and Taxis, who had flown over from Bavaria specially for the occasion, Mr. Lars Palmgren (U.S.A.) *standing*, Baron Thierry de Broqueville (Belgium), Miss J. Barclay Milne and Miss Sigrid Böwering.

Came a break for supper. *l. to r.*: Miss Dora Macquaker and Mr. Alec the decision to make a pause for an early

L. to r.: Lord Carnegie, the President, who received the guests, Miss Anne-Marie Stewart-Gardiner, His Serene Highness Prince of Thurn and Taxis, Count Guy du Monceau de Bergendal, and Mr. Ian Lilburn.

In a quiet corner by the entrance to the ballroom were, *l. to r.*: Mr. Paul Cantlie, Miss Sally Collier, Mr. Anthony Leschallas and Miss Sheila Campbell-Walter.

In a quiet corner of the lounge were, *l. to r.*: Miss Jeannette Janvrin, Earl Kitchener, who had brought a party of six, Miss Rosemary Andrews, Miss Ivry Guild and Mr. Adrian Morris.

The Bachelors' Ball Revived

By "THE SKETCH" special photographer, Harold White, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

Mrs. Lovesey, Mr. N. P. Richardson, Sandberg. With 200 guests at the ball, meal turned out to be a wise one.

A pause for a drink in a corner by the band. *L. to r.* round the tables: Mr. Michael Maxwell Stuart, Miss Jan Leggat, Miss Gay Ryder, Mr. Peter Comyns, Miss Sarah Gordon Lennox, Mr. P. A. Dennison, Miss Joanna Bagshawe and Mr. Ralph Rokeby-Johnson.

Miss Sheelagh Lynch, who was wearing a most attractive white ball gown, and Mr. Nicholas Connolly sought a few quiet moments at the top of the staircase.

Another group who made a break for an early supper were, *l. to r.*: Mr. Andrew Shawyer, Miss Rosemary Newall-Watson, Mr. Raleigh Farwig and Miss Vivien Beamish.

The original Bachelors' Ball was given in London by eighty-four hosts on July 30th, 1880, but although the idea grew in popularity in other parts of the country, where a bachelors' ball has been held annually since, no serious attempts have been made to revive the ball in London. To remedy the defect, a small working committee with the senior bachelor Lord Carnegie as President and Mr. Ian Lilburn as Chairman assembled eighty-four bachelor hosts and staged a very successful Bachelors' Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel on May 1st. Several bachelors had quite large parties, among them Lord Foley, Lord Denham, Lord Wrenbury and Lord Abinger, whilst Mr. Lilburn had invited seven leading bachelors from abroad, several of whom appear in the accompanying photographs.

With some delicate reflections in the mirror behind them were, *l. to r.*: Mr. Lars Palmgren, Miss des Graz, Miss Pamela Snagge and Hermann Freiherr von Pfetten, who had come over from Bavaria.

Candid Commentaries : by Credendus

Private View: the Royal Academy

Sketches by Susan Benson

THE private view of the Royal Academy was an experience. Looking at those who were present convinced me that what garlic is to salad, insanity is to art. So many were infected with that form of snobbery which decrees that one must like Art, even though it meant wallowing in a bog of quackery. A woman gazed at Stanley Spencer's *The Marriage at Cana* and murmured to a friend that "it grows on one"—as if it were a form of fungus. I could pick out the artists whose careers are always beginning to-morrow. Unkempt, if not unhygienic, they looked like flawed sketches rejected from the easel and could be heard perpetually shuffling around in the fog and cotton-wool of artistic jargon.

There was the usual quota of overdressed, languid women who knew the price of everything and the value of nothing. One asked me whether the Bishop of London had been painted in period costume. I only hope that such liturgical ignorance inferred a rigid Nonconformist upbringing, though a subsequent remark suggested that she imagined Sir Gerald Kelly by virtue of his office as President was in direct line with the Apostolic Succession. An interesting feature was the army of inarticulate men who stood around in hang-dog fashion. At first I thought they were in tow with the women who had only come in the hope of being noticed. Then it dawned on me. They were *the* Artists. I know that art is not a handicraft . . . it is the transmission of the feeling the artist has experienced. Judging by the expressions, some of them have been having a tough time lately, though possibly such doleful countenances are in keeping with their profession if the impressive canvas by Rodrigo Moynihan—*The Teaching Staff of the Painting School, Royal College of Art*—is any criterion. Perhaps Ruskin was right when he said that an artist should be fit for the best society and keep out of it.

Turning from the viewers to the exhibits, the scene was familiar. Paintings and statues looked pleased with themselves as befitted successful candidates. The subject-matter was the same as previous years, though I never thought to find a *Distant View of Battle and Telham Mills* next to Dr. Marie Stopes, whilst Sir Frederic Bartlett seemed a trifle uneasy about the nakedness of his attractive neighbour. Then there was the occasional canvas that I consider just vulgar, and, in my vocabulary, vulgarity is the antithesis

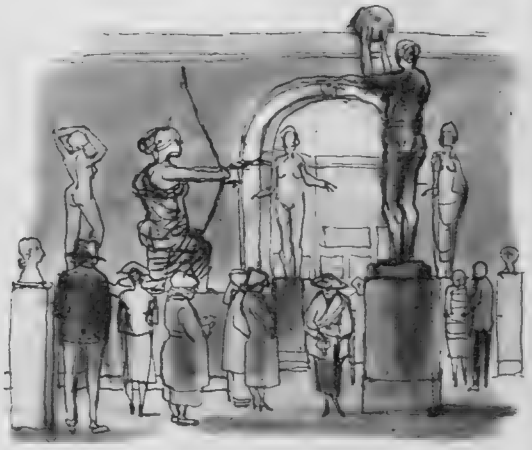
of art. Too many painters make this mistake: though great artists have been licentious, licence does not necessarily result in great art. I dislike those arty individuals who resort to things that are usually relegated to the privies of the mind. I am not confusing their efforts with honest vulgarity, the counter to hypocrisy, as Shakespeare emphasised. The type of vulgarity I have in mind is just bad taste.

I can hear someone accusing me of being anti-highbrow. As you wish, but first of all distinguish between lowbrow and highbrow. The layman of moderate mentality classifies all serious literature as highbrow, likewise any artistic work of serious note. There lies the danger of this Exhibition. The layman endows it with an importance that was never intended by the founder. To be an exhibitor does not carry with it the *imprimatur* of artistic brilliance. Conversely, to be excluded is not a sign of failure. That idea is due to the erroneous belief that to be "hung" at the Royal Academy means the accolade of fame. A modicum of technical proficiency—in certain cases not readily apparent this year—is sufficient, provided you are not "crowded out" through being the wrong shape, size or colour scheme.

Another fallacy about the Royal Academy is that it is representative of contemporary English art. If you think that, I suggest you scan the names of those associated with contemporary artistic works in this country. The omissions are noticeable. I admit that the Academy is not necessarily responsible for such absentees, but an Exhibition that leaves out artists of eminence is not fully representative. It has long been considered fashionable to be rude to the Royal Academy. In many ways such tilts are justified. The Academy picture can be dull and ordinary. On the whole, it is comfortable stuff and fundamentally conservative. This year there are the usual exhibits of unimaginative solidity suggestive of Browning's "Garniture and household stuff," but there are many pleasing exceptions.

I like Sir Gerald Kelly. His ebullience is refreshing. Some time ago I was with him on a television programme when his off-the-record remark to me about Salvador Dali almost reached the microphone, with results that would have been devastating. Another indiscreet word escaped his lips when introducing television viewers to the Exhibition of Dutch Paintings. Confronted with his slip afterwards, the President replied, "Did I say 'Man in Armour' was a bloody marvel? Well, it *is* a bloody marvel."

There are no Rembrandts this year, but several paintings are deserving of the President's sanguinary praise.



Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Lenare.

TO MARRY THIS SUMMER

A happy young couple who recently announced their engagement are eighteen-year-old Lady Marye Pepys, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Cottenham and niece of the Marquess of Abergavenny, and the Hon. Luke White, only son of Lord and Lady Annaly and nephew of Earl Spencer. The wedding is planned to take place this summer. The pretty, dark-haired little bride-to-be—she is 5 ft. 4 ins. to Mr. White's 6 ft. 1 in.—is an accomplished pianist, an enthusiastic horsewoman and tennis-player, and a very clever dressmaker. Her red-haired fiancé, who is twenty-six, was a Flying Officer in the R.A.F. until 1948, and cricket enthusiasts will remember that he played for England against Australia in the third "Victory" Test match in 1945.

APRIL 27TH.—The Duchess of Kent, patron of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, opened a new dispensary in Soho. Afterwards she had tea at the P.D.S.A. headquarters in Clifford Street, and was shown the animal Roll of Honour by the Chairman of the organisation, Mr. E. Bridges Webb.

APRIL 29TH.—Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother placed a wreath on the Portsmouth Naval War Memorial after unveiling an extension dedicated to the memory of officers and men of the Portsmouth Division who fell in the last war.

MAY 1ST.—Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret visited the British Industries Fair at Olympia. They spent over two hours—forty minutes longer than the time scheduled for their visit—going round the stands, and here stop to inspect cutlery and various fancy goods.

MAY 2ND.—The Princess Royal, Commandant-in-Chief of the British Red Cross, presents the Stanley Shield (Women's Section) to the North Riding of Yorkshire team, winners of this national competition, at Friends' House, N.W.1.

MAY 4TH.—The Duchess of Gloucester took her two sons, Prince William (*standing*) and Prince Richard, to Watford to see the printing of the Approved Souvenir Programme of the Coronation, published by King George's Jubilee Trust.

MAY 5TH.—The Queen laid a memorial stone at new buildings of the Royal College of Surgeons at Lincoln's Inn. Many of the original buildings were destroyed in 1941. Her Majesty is seen here with Sir Cecil Wakeley, President.

MAY 6TH.—The Queen, who was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, arriving at the Old Vic for a gala performance of *King Henry VIII*. Caroline Hunt shyly presents a bouquet.

MAY 7TH.—Princess Margaret, looking particularly radiant in white fur, pearls and a beautiful dress, was at Covent Garden to see Margot Fonteyn's reappearance for the first time in two years as Odette/Odile in *Swan Lake*.

MAY 9TH.—The Queen, for whom a week's complete rest had been arranged before the Coronation, leads her two corgis along the tarmac at London Airport before flying to Dyce Airport, Aberdeen, on the way to Balmoral.

Occasions From the Royal Diary

APRIL 28TH.—WEDDING. Major Robert William Pomeroy, Welsh Guards, third son of Lord and Lady Harberton, married Miss Anne Colegate, of Bembridge, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square.

APRIL 28TH.—INSPECTION OF THE PRIZE. Mrs. Neville Duke shows her test-pilot husband the bottle of wine she won off the tombola at the Aviation Jubilee Ball in aid of the Air League at the Dorchester.

MAY 5TH.—PAINTING FOR PLEASURE. The Duke of Marlborough and Mr. Richard Beaumont, son of Lord Allendale, thumb through their catalogues at the *Painting Is a Pleasure* Exhibition at the Trafford Gallery.

MAY 5TH.—CHAMPAGNE-LOVER. Bruce, an Alsatian with a taste for champagne, is offered a glass by Miss Susan Parkes at a cocktail party which his owner, Mr. Cyril Newton, gave for debutantes at Albert Court, Kensington.

MAY 6TH.—SKI CLUB DINNER-DANCE. Looking radiant in a gown of midnight blue satin, the Duchess of Kent was greeted by Sir Malcolm Trustram Eve, President, when she arrived for the Ski Club's golden jubilee dance.

Notes and Pictures from

Our Social Diary

QUITE the gayest event of the Irish season so far was the Punchestown Ball on April 28th, when nearly 400 people finished up the first day of the races at the Metropole. Lady Carew, President of the ball, which was in aid of the Adelaide Hospital campaign, looked marvellous in a white tulle and silver dress. Sir Walter Hankinson, British Minister to Eire, and his wife, attractive in anthracite and gold, were with Mr. and Mrs. William Doig; he is the Australian Chargé d'Affaires. Miss Sarah Walford, dark and pretty in geranium chiffon, Miss Victoria de Rutzen, Miss Sheila Blosse Lynch, Miss Grania Wingfield, Lord Powerscourt's daughter, Lord and Lady Mount Charles, Mr. Peter Hemphill and his wife, Lord and Lady Crofton, and Brigadier and Mrs. James Hennessey, she in petrol-blue satin, were a few more there.

We weren't expecting anything startling at the Aviation Jubilee Ball for the Air League at the Dorchester, so it was rather a shock when at the end of the midnight cabaret Mr. John Brancker solemnly took his monocle from his left eye and ate it. Apparently scrunching glass is nothing new to him, although it is a somewhat expensive habit "as my monocles cost me seven-and-sixpence each." Among the onlookers were Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Lady Goddard, Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd and Major and Mrs. R. H. Mayo. Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Salmond proposed a toast to the American Wright brothers, who made the first successful flight in a heavier-than-air machine in 1903.

APRIL 29TH.—An enormous crowd at Newmarket to see the favourite *Nearula* win the 2000 guineas. The Duchess of Norfolk, in navy and white, Lady Sefton, also in navy, with Lord Sefton, Lady Boyle and Lord and Lady Derby were there; we also saw the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Porchester walking round with his father Lord Carnarvon, and Colonel James Hanbury, joint-Master of the Belvoir.

Called on Mr. Emiel Hartman, a very talented young artist from South Africa, who had a private view of his work at his Gloucester Road studio. Outside in the tiny garden we found Mr. John Pope Hennessey examining a less-mystifying-than-usual political prisoner and a delightful cat playing with a ball; inside we saw Mr. Charles Torrance, the deputy High Commissioner for South Africa, and his wife, Mr. Ronald Strauss and Mr. Derek Patmore.

APRIL 30TH.—Lady Moira Lyttelton had a reception at the House of Lords to discuss the Colonial Coronation Ball on June 9th at Grosvenor House. We saw dynamic Lady Huggins having an animated conversation with Lord Amulree, Mr. and Mrs. Leach, from the Gold Coast, Major and Mrs. McKee, from Northern Rhodesia, and Miss Carol

APRIL 29TH.—ANOTHER WEDDING. Miss Prudence Leith-Ross, daughter of Sir Frederick and Lady Leith-Ross, of Leylands Manor, Jarvis Brook, Sussex, and Sir John Cradock-Hartopp were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

MAY 4TH.—THE DUCHESS AND THE RED CROSS. When she opened a Red Cross exhibition at a Kensington store the Duchess of Marlborough tried her hand at manipulating a special retrieving stick designed for the disabled.

MAY 7TH.—ALL SET FOR THE PALACE. Debutante Miss Jane Clarke and her parents, Brig. and Mrs. Terence Clarke, on the terrace of the House of Commons before going to the second Presentation Party.

MAY 12TH.—CORONATION PLANS. With the Royal Standard as background, Earl Marshal the Duke of Norfolk and the Garter King-of-Arms, Sir George Bellew, held a Press conference at Church House, Westminster.

MAY 12TH.—REHEARSING *LORD AND LADY ALGY*. (*L. to r.*) Mr. David Metcalfe, his sister Miss Davina Metcalfe, Miss Veronica Naylor-Leyland and Mr. Billy Wallace are acting for charity next week at the Scala.

Alexander, just starting on quite an unusual career—"I 'm learning to make hats."

MAY 1ST.—Dripping umbrellas and mackintoshes rapidly cluttered up the entrance hall at Burlington House as their owners arrived for the Private View of the Royal Academy. ("Credendus" and Susan Benson deal with this elsewhere in this issue.) As always, there was a tremendous scrum, and in the afternoon it was practically impossible to see the pictures. Lord Methuen wisely came in the morning. Lady Reid-Dick was talking to friends, so was Lady Megan Lloyd George. Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, splendid in black . . . with an even more magnificent hat than usual—this one was wreathed in black visor veiling and a huge bunch of purple lilac—took up a central vantage point in the first gallery. Lady Munnings, in pale blue with a matching bag carrying her pekinese *Black Knight*, Sir Alan Herbert and Sir Gerald Kelly, P.R.A., doing his best to evade the press, were also seen.

MAY 5TH.—The much-talked-of, much-publicised Debutante Dress Show finally materialised at the Berkeley, which was crammed with mothers, daughters, doting aunts and a few brave fathers and brothers. Lady Mary Burghley was watching her daughter Miss Gillian Cecil, who was one of the ten deb. mannequins. Mrs. Frederick Beddington brought a party to see her daughter Camilla display a short black evening dress; highlight of the afternoon came after two-and-a-half patient hours, when Lady Rose Bligh, Lord Darnley's daughter, appeared looking lovely in a bride's dress of white organza.

On to the private view of *Painting is a Pleasure* at the Trafford Gallery, and once again found dozens of people occupying a very small space. All the paintings are by amateurs, most of them well known in spheres not strictly artistic. Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, "I get through an awful lot of paint," Lord Euston, the Duke of Marlborough and Mr. Maurice Webb, M.P., all had "entries," so did Lady Perth—a very interesting picture called *Fog*—Lady Duncannon and lots more. Mrs. Peter Thorneycroft was looking at her husband's *Flower Market*.

We followed Mr. Noël Coward, who does most of his painting in the West Indies, to the Haymarket for the charity preview of *The Apple Cart*, organised for the National Association and London Union of Mixed Clubs and Girls' Clubs. Lady Lambton, Mrs. Patrick Buchan-Hepburn, Mrs. C. Frankland Moore and Prince and Princess Georg of Denmark, who came in with Sir Malcolm Sargent, were a few among a very glittering audience.

MAY 7TH.—The Red Hat Ball was one of those fortunate dances which went with a terrific zip right from the start. Organised by a vast committee for the Christ Church (Oxford) United Clubs, it attracted more than a thousand dancers to push themselves round the floor at Grosvenor House. Lady Elgin and Lady Muriel Barclay-Harvey both brought large parties, as did Mr. and Mrs. Michael Joicey. Three of last year's most popular debs., Miss Virginia Estcourt, in a lilac crinoline, Miss Susan Senior, and Miss Gillian Grant, in red lace, were well to the fore, so was a present deb. Miss Penelope Yolland, in tiered yellow organdie. Miss Emmeline Garnett and her brother Mr. Anthony Garnett were lucky in having Mr. Godfrey Gallia at their table—he won twelve bottles of champagne. Others we saw were Lord Bathurst and his brother Mr. George Bathurst, Mr. Henry White-Smith, pretty Mrs. Edmund Ironside, Miss Tessa Hambro and Miss Rosemary Liddell-Grainger.

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

Fair Play for the Golfing Rabbit

HENRY COTTON'S victory at Wentworth was a magnificent achievement. His shot-making was impeccable. Even though he has reached the twilight of his playing career, I still rank Cotton as the most impressive striker of a golf ball in this country. One of the reasons is his analytical approach to the game, a commendable thoroughness that could well be considered by other professionals.

There is much to be said in favour of some degree of uniformity in the principles of golf instruction. At the moment the position in this country is too lax, for the ordinary club golfer has to take a professional on trust; not even sure of the man's qualifications. An amateur can decide to become a professional, and overnight can claim to be a golf instructor. The decision is not determined by qualification but merely by changing status.

The club golfer is at the mercy of professional theorising. There is no approved method of swinging a golf club. Few basic principles exist over which there is unanimity of agreement. Anything that savours of uniformity appears to be frowned upon.

In such an eclectic atmosphere the "rabbit" is easy game. At the outset he is unable to pick the good from the bad. He has to learn by faith. He parts with his money to improve his game. A common red-herring is to say that he does not pay nearly enough. That point is irrelevant: if he only pays a few pence, the principle is the same. There should be some guarantee that the club golfer is not being taken for a ride. The fact that everybody at the moment is more than satisfied is no guarantee that the exception will not occur. There should be some tangible evidence to prove that the individual who claims to be a professional is competent.

An Official Diploma?

The introduction of a diploma or licence by an authoritative body would be an obvious safeguard, not only for the club member, but for the general welfare of professionals as a whole. The idea was mooted some years ago by J. H. Taylor, when he suggested that a board of examiners should be set up, preferably under the guidance of the Professional Golfers' Association, who would grant diplomas to those who proved, after examination, that they were capable of carrying out the duties.

Such an examination would be revealing. It would shatter the illusion that just because a professional is successful in the tournament circuit he is equally illustrious in a teaching capacity. It frequently happens that the best teachers are those who seldom, if ever, leave their clubs in search of hypothetical stake-cheques. Official ranking of instructors would probably give the plums to second-grade tournament professionals.

The difficulty in introducing an official diploma system is that no canon exists by which the methods can be judged and assessed. It is pointless establishing an examining board if no approved principles exist by which they can make a decision. In this respect the Professional Golfers' Association of the United States are ahead of us. They have approved the following five cardinal points of a swing:

1. A steady head position at the start and throughout the swing.
2. Firmness of left-hand grip and control with left arm at start and throughout the swing.
3. The ball should be placed to the left of the centre position as regards the feet.
4. A preliminary waggle of clubhead with the hands and a "forward press" with legs.
5. The weight of the lower part of the body moves with or ahead of the swing.

Here is material on which to build. It forms something of a basis of approved agreement, a first step along a road that has many pitfalls. Too much official dogmatising in attempts to standardise the golf swing would only encourage rival schools of thought to flourish. We have enough scatter-brained theories without encouraging more, but it should not be beyond the combined efforts of responsible professionals to devise some standard by which they can vet and approve the methods adopted by their own profession.

The Peter Pan of Champions

It is always interesting to watch the holder of a world championship title in action. The individual in question was Pierre Etchebaster, the World Open Champion of Court Tennis, a title he has held for some twenty-five years.

It is more than likely that the average Englishman has no idea what Court Tennis is like. There were many people among the spectators who were watching for the first time, and I am certain they went away agreeing with the cynics that Real Tennis is so complicated that it takes six months to learn to score, the rules are too complex, the rackets are warped and the balls every conceivable shape except round.

There is an element of truth in such observations. As a game, Real Tennis has the tradition of centuries behind it. The reason for its comparative obscurity to-day is largely on the score of expense. The game requires a special court, and at the moment there are only about a dozen in the whole of Great Britain. Etchebaster, whose age laps the sixty mark, impressed everybody with his skill, but this very quality was emphasised by the way he conserved his energy.

Lawn Tennis Prospects

The defeat of Maureen Connolly, the American holder of the world's major singles title, by Doris Hart in the final of the Italian championships in Rome, opens up exciting possibilities for the Wimbledon fortnight. Jaroslav Drobny also showed his power by beating Lewis Hoad, the Australian youngster, for the men's singles title.

It may well be that history will be repeated when they resume their rivalry on the lawns of Wimbledon, but before that happens many of the world's greatest players will be on view at Queen's. I always feel that spectators never make the most of these occasions. Most of them are tennis enthusiasts, but few benefit from the lessons that can be learnt. They watch the players, appreciate their skill, maybe identify the strokes, but seldom note the technics. The speed at which the strokes are played is partly responsible. The eye cannot focus quickly enough to break up and isolate the co-ordinated details of the swing.

But there is nothing haphazard about the stroke production of players like Maureen Connolly, Doris Hart, Shirley Fry, Jaroslav Drobny, Lewis Hoad, Ken Rosewall and Vic Seixas. Every detail is under control. The tennis stroke is essentially individualistic, but in every case the rhythm of the swing, footwork, balance and weight distribution are perfect. If you watch intelligently you are treated to the full range of tennis strokes.

I always look for two fundamentals. I watch how every player keeps his eye on the ball. It is uncanny to note the routine. None of them tries to pin-point the spot where the ball is going to be hit. None tries to locate an opponent before the ball strikes the racket-face. None is caught with head up as the swing develops. The second fundamental is footwork. The thing that stands out during a match between top-flight players is the absence of rushing and untidy racket-work. They never appear hurried or flurried. The weight goes into the shot with impeccable body placement. There is much to learn from watching the giants in action, but it must be by intelligent spectating.

Cricket Singles

Spent an afternoon with Norman Yardley and listened to his quiet enthusiasm about Trueman's chances against the Australians. . . .

John Dewes tested his injured back in a friendly match. There were no ill-effects, so we may see him back in the hunt for Test honours instead of an early retirement. . . .

Hubert Doggart, now schoolmastering at Winchester, tells me that a mid-term Coronation holiday should enable him to turn out for Sussex against the Australians. . . .

Robin Marlar, the Cambridge captain, has recovered from his back injury, but in a recent match put a finger out whilst fielding a fierce drive. He played in the next game with two fingers bound together. . . .

John Warr looks to have put on as much weight as Denis Compton has lost. . . .

"Gubby" Allen, the former England captain, continues to treat Cambridge bowlers with disdain. His recent undefeated 143 for the Free Foresters was his fourth century at Fenner's since the war—180 in 1948, 101 not out in 1949, and 103 in 1951.

People Who Matter

KING HUSSEIN I., Ruler of Jordan.

AFTER the feasts, offerings and prayers in Jordan on Saturday, May 2nd, when he was crowned, King Hussein I. listened to the words of his elder statesmen. And he was the youngest member of that palace gathering, for he is only just eighteen.

He is well known to the British public, for he not only spent a year or so in Harrow School and studied for six months at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, but concluded his education by undertaking a strenuous tour of factories and housing estates, bridges, aircraft and car assembly centres.

Eldest son of the indisposed King Talal of the Hashemite Kingdom of The Jordan, now officially known as Jordan, King Hussein was at the side of his grandfather, King Abdullah ibn Hussein, when assassins fired bullets near the Jerusalem Mosque recently at a Friday morning service. King Hussein told me about it in his London Embassy over coffee a few weeks ago. King Abdullah had sensed danger in the coming journey, asked his grandson if he still wished to travel. He did. Bullets struck the ruler-to-be—fortunately for Jordan—on a decoration and that saved him. He was also grazed near the right ear.

The dark eyes emphasise the long, jet-black eyelashes and the King speaks with a care remarkable in his age.

Harrow he loves for its traditions. And the phrases show the influence of Park House, and Mr. W. H. Stevenson, the housemaster. King Hussein is of medium height, slim, trimly dressed. He is determined that his people shall know him. "I am going on a general tour of my country, to see with my own eyes and to get at the bottom of everything." At Amman, at Victoria College, Alexandria, in Harrow—he was not fond of mathematics, but enjoyed English and history. G. B.

N.B.—Colour Supplement inserted here

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

Left :—
BOBBY MAXWELL : For taking his harp to a party—when he *knows* he 'll be asked to play !

A visitor from New York who has provided the harp music that cinema audiences have believed to be played by Harpo Marx, Judy Garland, Clifton Webb, and others, Mr. Maxwell is seen here taking his harp into his London hotel room. His favourite party tune ? "Spaghetti Rag."

Right :—
"CHURCHILL" : For taking a "pushing around" in good part.

So that there won't be any displays of nerves on the great day, all police horses are undergoing a course of training. Here, Station-Sergeant W. Forester and his horse *Churchill* get pushed around during training for Coronation crowds, at the Mounted Training Establishment of the Metropolitan Police at Imber Court, Thames Ditton, Surrey.

Left :—
THE KERBSIDE CRITIC : For keeping his views to himself.

Of course they'd be upside-down views, anyway, so he couldn't give a fair criticism. The dog is as well known to passers-by in Trafalgar Square as the pavement artist.

Right :—
ERIC MORRIS : For making half-a-crown go 955 miles.

A veritable "Little by Little" is Eric Morris, who has hitch-hiked over 50,000 miles. On a trip to Scotland he hitched eighteen hikes over 955 miles in fifty-four hours, spending only half-a-crown — and picked up sixpence coming back !

PIPE MAJOR SARDAR KHAN : For his twelve-inch "handlebars."

This Pipe Major of the 1st Punjab Regiment, who arrived aboard the Pakistan ship *Jhelum* to take part in the Coronation procession, is almost as proud of his foot-long moustache as he is of his medals.

. . . and to our own "BUSHY" : For being the Guest of Honour at London's "Handlebar" Club, of which he is an honorary member.

Hargrave made this on-the-spot sketch of "Bushy" being welcomed by Mr. Raymond Glendenning, president of the "Handlebar" Club, at the annual dinner held at the Crown, Brewer Street, on April 24th. In the course of his speech, Mr. Glendenning said : "We look upon 'Bushy' of *The Sketch* as our Club mascot."

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Henry the Eighth
(*Old Vic*)

IT may be neither inspiring Shakespeare nor very rich Fletcher; but it is sound pageant-work: it passes over the stage "in order and state," as one of the directions says; and it was a natural choice for the Royal gala performance at the Old Vic before the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Does not Cranmer, at the last, christen the infant Princess Elizabeth, and prophesy:

In her days, every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour....

Moreover, there is always, as a rule, something to take the heart in a revival of *Henry the Eighth*. One rarely leaves wholly disappointed. It would be surprising if a Katharine, a Wolsey, and a Buckingham were all failures. Henry, maybe, we think of less, for though he gives his name to the play, he is not really dominating; and by now, as a stage figure, he is a little tedious. Paul Rogers makes more of the Shakespearean Henry than most actors have done: he is recognisably the Tudor autocrat without forcing his effects or having to wedge his features too tightly into a Holbein mask.

Personally, I shall remember this revival for three things: Tyrone Guthrie's production of the last scene (handled more firmly than at Stratford) when the theatre is, for one moment, the heart of a glorious peal of rejoicing; and, among individual performances, the Katharine of Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies and the Buckingham of Leo Genn. Ungallantly, I must put Mr. Genn first. It is years since he acted at the Old Vic; his old admirers found in *Henry* that he had not lost his nobility of speech. Buckingham—bearer of a fated name—has two scenes only, but they can be profoundly affecting when the right actor treats them. Leo Genn is, without doubt, the right actor: his Farewell has a deep-throbbing sorrow; we feel that a fine spirit passes. Later, too, we can say that of Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies when the Queen fades to silence at Kimbolton. In the past I have heard Katharine's speeches teased out in an insistent tremolo, and seen those gold angels of the Vision parading themselves drearily before the Queen. We are not troubled like this at the Vic. Tyrone Guthrie will not have masquing angels, and Miss Ffrangcon-Davies is too sensitive an artist for theatrics. Katharine's fading is very simple, very moving. She is, we realise to the end, "a queen, and daughter to a king." It is right to let her have that last flick of Spanish pride in the rebuke to the Messenger.

I am less sure of Wolsey. There are many ways of presenting the Cardinal. Irving, we have been told, made of him a fine-drawn, foxy ascetic. Alexander Knox prefers to remind us of the upstart with the aspiring mind, the burly commoner who forced himself to the heights. The actor is consistent enough and he keeps us conscious of Wolsey's power. It is no Cardinal fitted better for "The Jackdaw of Rheims" than for Henry's court. We are sure that Mr. Knox is indeed the "scarlet sin," though—and it is a pity, especially in the closing passages—we feel also that he is not a man given to expressing himself with ease in blank verse.

The production, in spite of Guthrie's invariable habit of crowding the fringe of the apron with some of the more massive figures in the cast, has all its director's assurance in the treatment of crowds; the pointing of contrasts; the smooth flow of scene to scene; the contrivance of such a curtain as that in which Henry and the newly-summoned Cranmer, in close conference, remain islanded on the stage while the tide of pomp ebbs from the court at Blackfriars. And there are some small performances of excellence: Newton Blick, Robert Hardy, James Ottaway, as the observers of the Coronation—for Guthrie omits the set "Order" as he omits the Vision, and prefers to rely upon his and his actors' witty invention—William Squire's speaking of the mercifully-unpunctured Cranmer oration, and a charming Anne Boleyn (Jeanette Sterke). It is unfortunate that the Old Lady is so sadly overplayed: this can be a most telling part, and could be even more so here (with Prologue and Epilogue thrown in).

NEXT WEEK'S PREMIÈRE

One of the lighter moments of Mary Hayley Bell's new play, *The Uninvited Guest*, which has its West End première at the St. James's Theatre next Wednesday (May 27th). This is the third play that Mary Hayley Bell has written for her husband, John Mills, who is seen here with Joan Greenwood—the first occasion on which they have appeared together on the stage. The cast of this emotional drama also includes Cathleen Nesbitt, Clive Morton and Lyndon Brook.

The Apple Cart
(*Haymarket*)

CERTAINLY I had never expected to find Noël Coward as King Magnus (an English monarch at some future date unspecified) who so nearly upsets the constitutional apple-cart. But here he is, the theatre's wittiest tic-tac man coping with that Shavian Cabinet in speeches of a Shavian amplitude, including one of the longest on the modern stage. This is the discussion of government, after which the dramatist supplies his own cue for applause, Amanda's "You did speak that piece beautifully, Sir." The cue was not needed at the première. Applause had come in a sustained volley.

It may seem ungrateful; but I cannot hold that Mr. Coward, in the most exacting scenes of the political extravaganza, is accurately cast. He is an attractive figure who might have come from his own Ruritanian comedy of *The Queen was in the Parlour*. I felt that he was an usurper on Magnus's throne, that it was a little too glib. You did not realise, as you did years ago, with Cedric Hardwicke, that Magnus was thinking as he spoke; that this was a first-class political brain. Mr. Coward showed himself, I thought, to be a first-class actor in the Interlude where he managed to persuade us (with some decorative help from Margaret Leighton) that we were listening to a witty charade instead of a peculiarly tame bit of chatter, one of Shaw's mistakes. The third act was admirably done; and here Alexis France as the gentle Queen, and Cecil Trouncer as that American dynamo, Vanhattan, who is a comic "Uncle Sam" no longer, will be two of the night's most lasting memories. A third is Margaret Rawlings, with a contralto Lysistrata always alert and true. Her Cabinet colleagues? Excellent, especially the tetchy Prime Minister (Laurence Naismith): I am not suggesting any kind of Cabinet re-shuffle. All told, a worthy revival of a good-tempered affair that carries its years as lightly as Shaw did when he wrote it. But then it is still only twenty-four years old and G.B.S. was seventy-three. He dismissed *The Apple Cart* himself as "a frightful bag of stage tricks, as old as Sophocles." Yet (I must insist, the Interlude aside) what enviable cats in the bag!

The Two Bouquets
(*St. Martin's*)

The white for cousin Laura,
For sister Kate the pink—
No, Kate has the white,
I think that is right,
And Laura the pink ones—Je pense.

These are, we remember, pink and white bouquets. The song is sung by a mid-Victorian young man whose muddling with the bouquets at the riverside ball is the core of Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon's musical play. With its Victorian airs (and graces), it is back in the West End, next door to the theatre where it opened during 1936. Cynical young men, with a taste for rancid nothings, may deem this tepid; but it has constant grace and gaiety, and its lyrics enchant.

The present revival has a variety of pleasures: Daphne Anderson's flashing attack ("I'm pretty, pretty Patty, pretty Patty Moss"); Derek Oldham's reappearance, now as a mellow Victorian father; Rose Hill, Sara Gregory, and Sonia Williams, as mother, daughter and niece; and Hugh Paddick, whose young man, lively and deftly-timed, whether he is whirling at the ball, rushing in and out of a gazebo, or loitering at a regatta, is one of the joys of the night. This is the kind of piece—produced now by Willard Stoker—that stands up happily to revival.

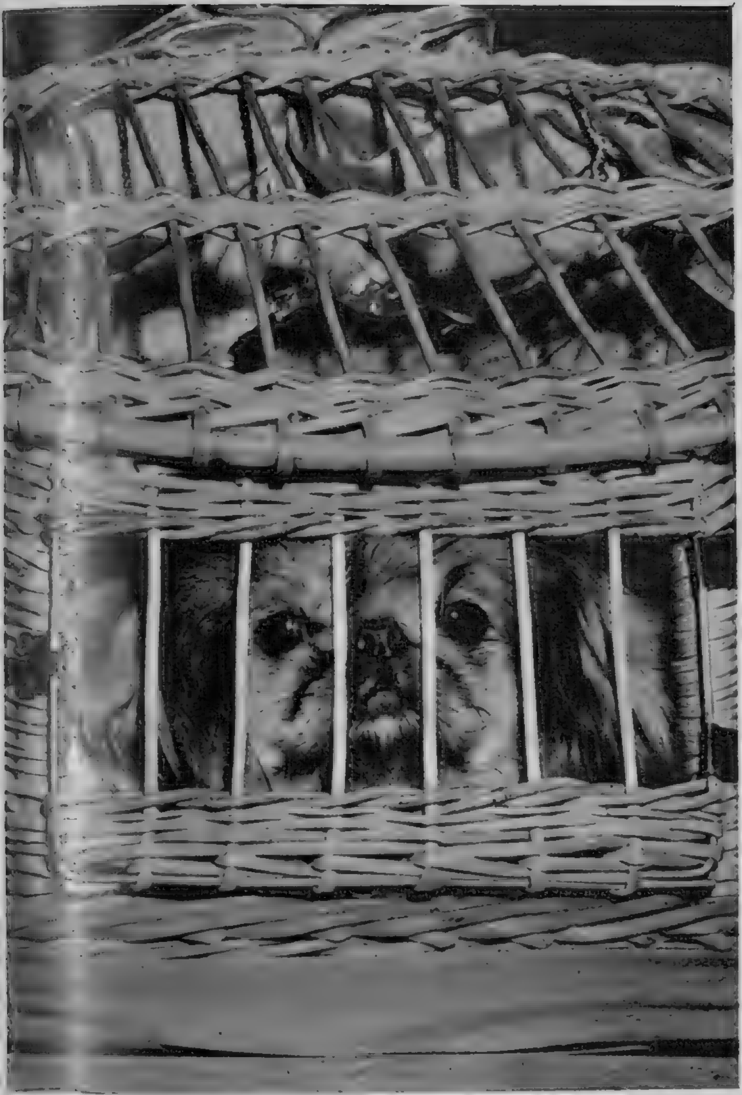
Over the Moon
(*Piccadilly*)

THIS is an extremely odd revue. Lacking Cicely Courtneidge it would be an almost dead loss, with the exception of two numbers: a little synthetic-Norwegian song called "Pusekatt," and a customer-is-always-right number, with a vocalising shopgirl, harassed and, at the last, rebellious. Everything else belongs to Cicely Courtneidge and she works furiously throughout the night. If Vanhattan, in *The Apple Cart*, is a dynamo, Miss Courtneidge is six. Or it may be better to call her a sunburst of comedy. She can illuminate the dullest material; and some of it—the crowded-caravan sketch and the trick-ending piece about the heirloom-sword—could be achingly dull. As a haughtily genteel Post Office clerk, as the English tourist who treats the murky goings-on in a Marseilles basement as part of the day's work, and as a determined star in a Magyar musical comedy, Miss Courtneidge is what we used to call a Comic, a Scream, and a Caution. The upward curl in the voice, the flinging gesture, the lighthouse-eye, the surging vitality, the gift for creating a character in broad strokes like a rapid charcoal cartoon: these are all qualities of one of the most exuberant comediennes on our stage.

Without Cicely Courtneidge, as I say, the occasion would be dim indeed (though it would be unfair not to mention the loyal service of Thorley Walters, Margaret Mitchell, and Aud Johansen). Even if I find rather embarrassing in these days the old-fashioned practice of printing a star's name in the cast-lists in heavy black type, here probably, if anywhere, there is a case for it.

PEKES ON PARADE

LITTER : TWO BITCHES
(entered by Mrs. L. M. Truslow)



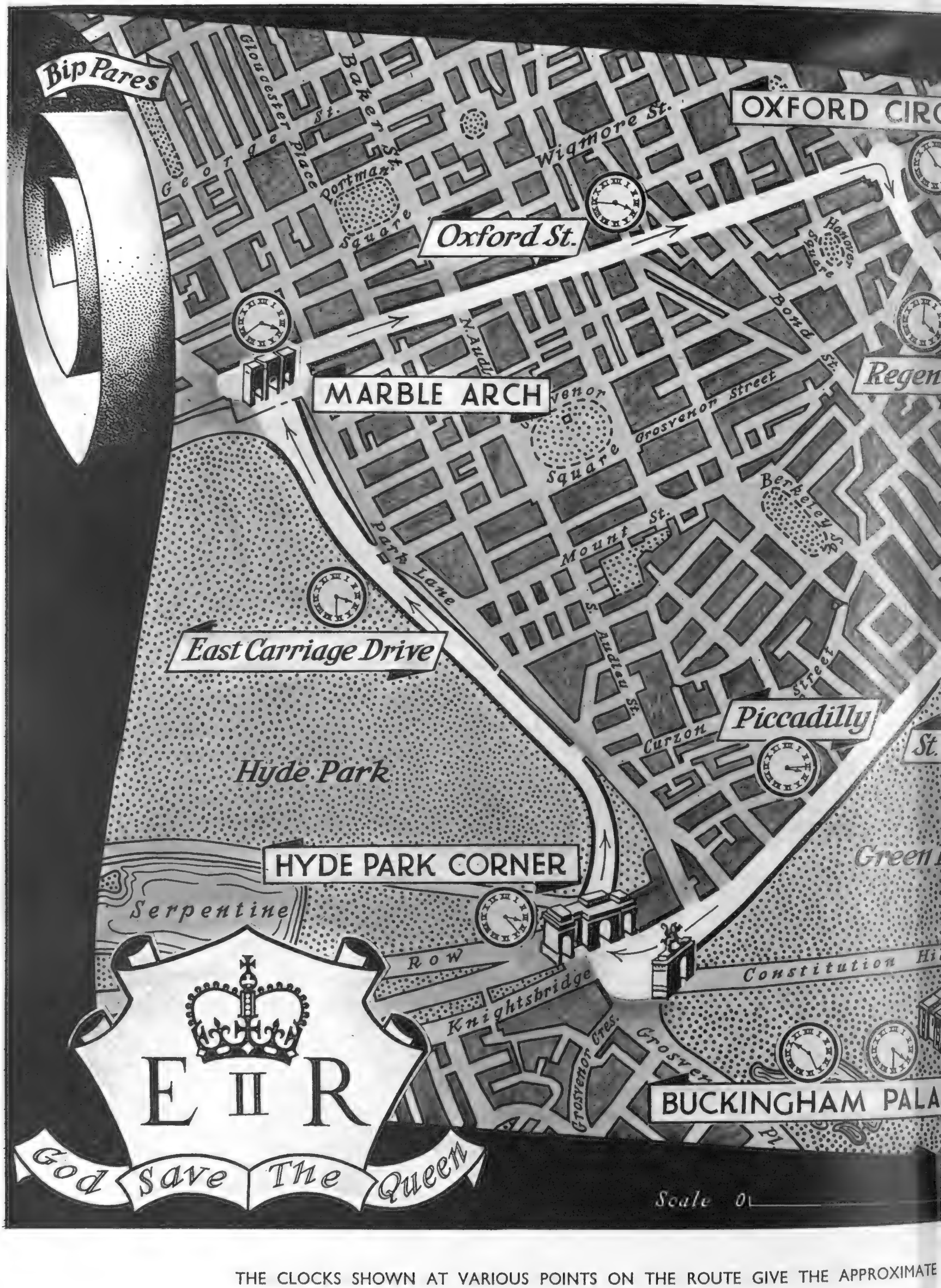
STARFELL CHARM OF TZUMIAO
(entered by Mrs. Elsie Gilbert)

KINGSWERE MING
(entered by Mrs. Helen Coade)

The Pekingese Club held its championship show at the Welsh Hall in London on May 12th and the entry list of 356 was a record for the breed. Judging was by an American, Mrs. R. S. Quigley, who declared that in the quality of Pekingese, the United States had simply nothing to stand up to this country. Whereas in the U.S. one or two dogs were outstanding, in this country there were half-a-dozen good ones per class.

We have made this small selection to show the variety of colour in the dogs on show—brindle, white and black—with a fourth little lady behind bars, just because she looked so appealing.

CHLOE AND NEGRETTE OF DORLEES
(entered by Mrs. D. Mirylees)



THE CLOCKS SHOWN AT VARIOUS POINTS ON THE ROUTE GIVE THE APPROXIMATE

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Bip Pares.

TIME AT WHICH THE QUEEN'S COACH IS EXPECTED AT THAT PARTICULAR PLACE.

A realistically mediæval figure is Mrs. V. Palles-Clark (*left*), who came as "Elizabeth Whydeville." Here she is being greeted on arrival by the Mayor of Colchester, Councillor William C. Lee, and the Mayoress.

MEDIÆVAL FEAST

★

Essex Archæological Society Centenary Celebration

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by George Konig.

A colourfully dressed party inspecting the programme and menu are, *l. to r.*: Miss Eva Alfsen, Mrs. W. R. Saunders, the Rev. W. R. Saunders and Miss Olive Abrahams.

Studying their programmes for the evening's festivities are some of the guests who enthusiastically entered into the spirit of the feast: *L. to r.*, Mr. Keith Shackleton, Mrs. Keith Shackleton, Mrs. Julian Snow and Mr. Julian Snow.

Grace has been sung and a pottage has been drunk from bowls by guests, who now turn to watch as the cooks carry in the boar's head and peacock, with a fanfare from the trumpeter to add due ceremony to the occasion.

Mr. E. J. Markham (almost, it would seem, ready for "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and no questions asked) affords much amusement to Mrs. Harvey Benham (*left*) and Mrs. N. Dow.

Another group who obviously found the occasion a very entertaining one were snapped together before the feast began. From *l. to r* : The Bishop of Chelmsford, Dr. G. H. S. Bushnell and Mrs. Bushnell, and the Bishop of Colchester.

There is an authentic touch of the Middle Ages about this picture as Mr. Marc Fitch raises his beaker of Malmsey wine, specially imported for the feast from Greece by a member of the committee, to his supper partner, Mrs. Anthony Wagner.

Guests ate with their fingers ; their only implement a jack-knife. Group-Captain G. M. Knocker, as "Sigurd Jorsalfar," is watched by Mrs. Alan Mansfield, and Mrs. R. Clarke dubiously surveys her own platter.

"Grace having been sung, a pottage will be served, to be drunk directly from the bowl. The peacock and boar's head will then be ceremonially brought in and game pie will also be partaken of. During the meal, mead and ale and Malmsey wine will be drunk.

"Diners should use their bread to clean the wooden platters before the sweetmeat is served and pages will be in attendance with rosewater for the rinsing of their fingers."

Thus read some of the directions for the Essex Archæological Society's Mediæval Feast, which was staged in the Moot Hall at Colchester on May 1st to celebrate the Society's centenary. The guests were received by the President, the Rev. G. Montagu Benton, acting as Lord of the Feast, and His Worship the Mayor of Colchester.

All the men took to the ancient eating custom with gusto. Here, chain-mailed Colonel W. Dawson, as "Baron de Kynge," appears to be giving a demonstration to Mrs. S. Coates, who came as Queen Anne, wife of Richard II.

One of the young pages, Michael Layzoll, hands a programme to new arrivals Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Carter. Pages were also in attendance to carry rosewater and towels to guests wishing to rinse their fingers.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By CYRIL BUTCHER

An Important Pre-Coronation Play

NOW it is almost upon us: the most important single event of living memory. I refer, of course, to the Coronation. But first, let me anticipate this by two days. On the evening of May 31 you will be able to see *The Passionate Pilgrim*, by Michael Barry and Charles Terrot, taken from the latter's novel, *Miss Nightingale's Ladies.* (There will be a repeat on June 4.)

It shows a fine sense of balance—not always in such evidence—that the B.B.C. should have decided to do this play at this particular moment. For *The Passionate Pilgrim* shares nothing with the Coronation, except that it, too, is a salute to the distaff side of those who have made us the greatest people in the world. You will hear no fanfares, no bands playing and precious little laughter. You will see no smiling monarch, no great dignitaries and no cheering crowds.

There will be soldiers—yes; but not in the full pride of a glittering procession. You will find them in the agony of hurt and disease. There will be doctors, trying to stem the terrible tide of fatality with inadequate means. There will be politicians and bureaucrats arguing, meddling and frustrating. And there will be nurses, the pioneers of the valiant thousands who have since risked—and often sacrificed—their lives in succouring the casualties of active service.

The play opens in the London of autumn, 1854. The Crimean War is raging, and disturbing reports are reaching the capital of the appalling conditions in which the sick and wounded are suffering in the military hospital at Scutari. Florence Nightingale, of glorious memory, has just received official sanction to take a small band of nursing sisters out to that afflicted spot.

Thereafter *The Passionate Pilgrim* takes the viewer on what indeed is a pilgrimage. The acute discomforts of the voyage out are nothing compared with the horrors that await these brave women when they eventually arrive at Scutari. These are by no means glossed over or glamorised. They are boldly shown with documentary frankness, and leave little to the imagination. Viewers must prepare themselves for some grim playgoing. Grim, but never depressing; for over all lies the grandeur of vocational self-sacrifice.

It is this, in my opinion, which makes the play a considerable work of art and most worthy of inclusion in the television programmes dedicated to Coronation-time. Those forty heroines who are sung in *The Passionate Pilgrim* are examples of the greatness of our womanhood, whose symbol is our beautiful Queen.

Of the forty, the authors concentrate on the fortunes of two of the nursing sisters. One is Elizabeth Wheeler, who finds it difficult to reconcile her passion for healing with the stern discipline imposed by the formidable Miss Nightingale, and whose indiscreet letter to an invalid aunt starts a rumpus in Parliament, which eventually leads to her downfall. The other is her more regulation-abiding friend, Sarah Anne Terrot—an ancestress of Charles Terrot—whose diaries gave him the basic material for his book.

Wisely the authors have adhered to fact. The story does not need such artifices as a happy ending between Sister Wheeler and Doctor Maclean, or a generally rejoicing finale. The facts by themselves are quite enough to provide a most dramatic play.

Another temptation must have been to "sweeten" the part of Florence Nightingale. But she is shown as she must have been: a woman inspired by a mission, a holy terror in many ways, but one who would flinch from no sacrifice when that mission was in danger. When it comes to a choice between dismissing Elizabeth Wheeler on a trumped-up charge of malicious misrepresentation, or of losing the right for the sisters to nurse the wounded, she never hesitates.

You may find this a shattering play, but you will be cynical if you are uninspired by this salute to the humbler great women of our nation.

NOW for the Coronation. Not the least significant feature of it will be that on this day the man in the street will be given a new privilege—of sharing with the mighty, crowded in Westminster Abbey, the great moment when the Sovereign is crowned.

The other day the Earl Marshal, the Duke of Norfolk, in a short discourse, sketched the history of public representation of the ceremony. In 1902, when the peers cried "Long live King Edward!", photography was still crude, cinematography a mere bag of tricks and television unheard-of. On that day one single photographer was allowed to take pictures in the Abbey. Nine years later photography was expanded, but limited to still pictures, because at that time newsreels were not yet considered of "practical significance." That had been changed by 1937, when the peers cried "Long live King George!", and full still and ciné coverage was allowed, in black and white. Colour photography was impracticable on account of the enormous amount of light needed. On June 2, when over 20,000,000 people will be able to join in the cry "Long live Queen Elizabeth!" there will be photography in every conceivable form—and television.

Television will bring the eyes, ears and hearts of her Majesty's subjects into the Abbey, from nearly every part of Great Britain. It will draw the interest and—I hope—affection of many thousands of our friendly neighbours in France, Holland, Belgium, Western Germany and even Denmark. Film recordings will be rushed to Canada, from where, no doubt, they will find their way to the American network as well. It is, in fact, television's most important broadcast in its short history.

I hope viewing readers of *The Sketch* will allow me to thank, on their behalf, all those who have made this possible. First the Queen herself, the Coronation Commission and the Joint Coronation Committee who had to give permission for the television broadcast to take place at all. You may remember that at first only limited facilities were granted, and the immediate storm that decision created. I have no doubt that the decision was made a little hastily and without a thorough appreciation of the qualities and possibilities of the medium. But when they realised the extent of public disappointment, those responsible were great-hearted enough not to dig their toes in, but to reverse their decision. Since then, I am happy to report, the B.B.C. have had nothing but encouragement and every kind of help.

And, of course, we all have to thank the B.B.C., and especially its engineers—for it will be primarily the triumph of the 101 engineers if the broadcast is a complete success. And I have little doubt that it will be. The thought of the amount of work that has gone into a whole year of planning to cover the occasion from its beginning at Buckingham Palace, through the Abbey, along the processional route and back again, is rather dazing.

Within the Next Fortnight . . .

AT THE HELM

On Coronation Day one of the most anxious men in the world will be S. J. De Lotbiniere, Head of Television Outside Broadcasts. For his is the chief responsibility, not only for planning and organising this mammoth broadcast—lasting from 9.30 a.m. till about midnight—but also controlling this intricate electronic network. From a central point in Broadcasting House he will be in command of five main units, twenty cameras and eight commentators. The job needs a man of great technical knowledge, good taste and cool temperament: all of which applies to Mr. De Lotbiniere.

DARK LADY

May 24 and 28 will bring to your screens again one of the most attractive and accomplished television actresses, Elizabeth Sellars, who, of course, is not entirely unknown in the film world either. She will be playing the Great Bard's mysterious Dark Lady, Mary Fitton, in Clemence Dane's "Invention," Will Shakespeare, produced by Rudolph Cartier. Miss Sellars is known to be a qualified lawyer, which no doubt accounts for the pleasingly intelligent approach she adopts towards her rôles. There will be a distinguished cast with her in the play, including Mary Clare as Queen Elizabeth I.

GOOD AND BAD

Good

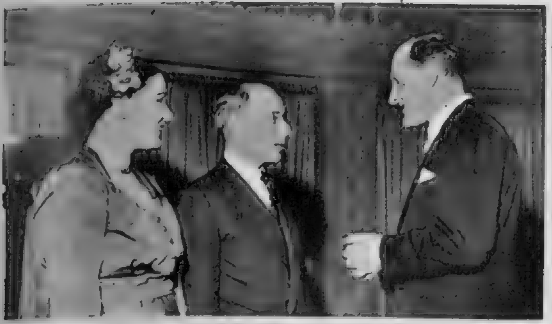
The Lady from the Sea, one of Ibsen's careful studies of neurosis. Excellently played by Irene Worth and Robert Harris and given a sensitive production by Harold Clayton.

Thanksgiving Day, by Roy Russell. More neurosis but cured effectively and hilariously by an American Air Force captain, charmingly impersonated by Robert Beatty. Production by Leonard Brett.

Bad

Almost Glory, a thoroughly gloomy and rather wearisome epic about occupied Poland by George F. Kerr, from the novel by F. Benedict. Written like a novel, produced like a film and acted—oh, well!

Let Us Be True, by Denys Ives. An almost unbelievably silly comedy about the theft of a thousand pounds, wrapped up in a lot of mawkish talk.



In the absence of the Ambassador, the Chargé d'Affaires and Mme. Hashim received the guests, among whom was Major-General D. Dornay.

Coronation Celebration for KING HUSSEIN I.

The Jordan Embassy held a reception at the Dorchester on Saturday, May 2nd, to celebrate the Coronation of the young King Hussein, who had been crowned in Amman that morning. Guests, who were received by the Chargé d'Affaires, Hani Bey Hashim, and Mme. Hashim, included members of the Diplomatic Corps, Members of Parliament and of the Foreign Office, officers of the Arab Legion and Jordanian subjects. The Jordan Ambassador himself, H.E. Fawzi Mulki, had returned home for the actual Coronation ceremonies and guests learned with interest that he had been asked to form the first Cabinet of the new reign.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Chris Ware.

Major D. R. Horsfield, King Hussein's Company Commander at Sandhurst, Professor K. C. Boswell, the young King's tutor, Mrs. Boswell and M. Y. Farouki, of the Jordan Embassy, raise their glasses to the portrait of the young King, which dominated the reception room.

General Sir Edward Spears, who was our first Minister to the Republics of Syria and the Lebanon, was talking to the Ambassador from Saudi Arabia, Sheikh Hafiz Wahba.

Mme. Mulki (*left*), wife of the Jordan Ambassador, who had returned home for the Coronation, was chatting with General Sir Edward Spears and Mrs. Frank Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Gulbenkian (*left*) were listening with interest to M. Y. Farouki.

M. Massigli, the French Ambassador, was in conversation with the Ambassador from Uruguay, Dr. D. Buero.

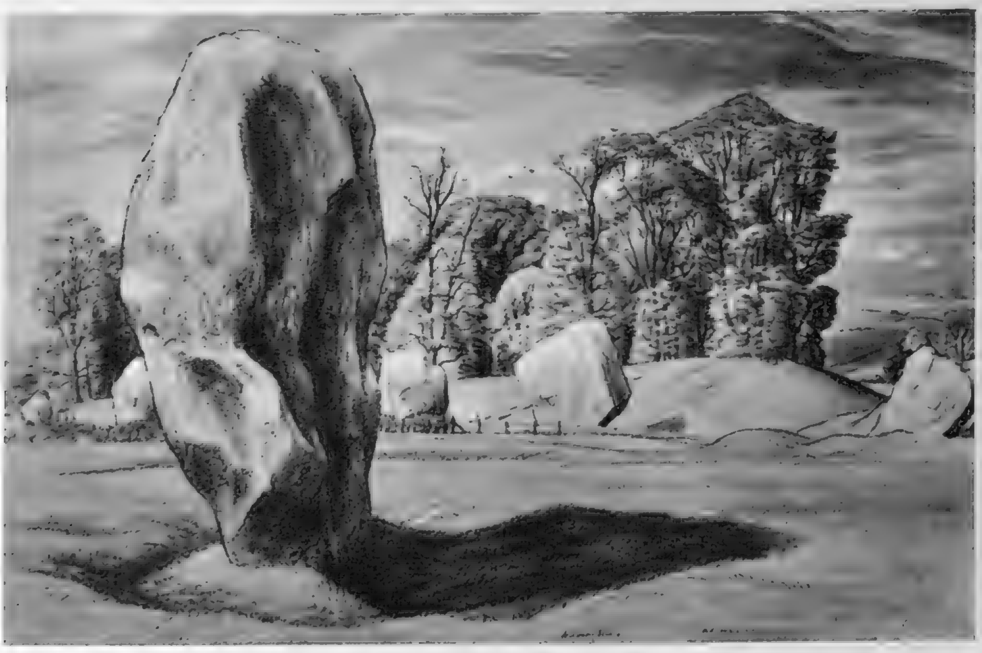
RAIN ON THE BEACH, by Norman A. Clark.
(From the R.W.S. Galleries.)

THE STAGE, by Roger Furse.
(From the New Burlington Galleries.)

FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS

Among the many interesting London exhibitions recently was that of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, whose varied show included works by Sir William Russell Flint, R.A., Dame Laura Knight, R.A., Cecil A. Hunt and Claude Muncaster. An intriguing show at the New Burlington was *Designs for Ballet*, from the collection of Mr. John Carr-Doughty, which included one by Pavlova herself. Very notable was Alphonse Quizet's exhibition at the Redfern—the first time he has ever held a one-man show in London. At the Marlborough, *Portraits by Contemporary British Artists* contained works by Matthew Smith, Alan Clutton-Brock, Rodrigo Moynihan and others, as well as the four prize-winning portraits from the gallery's recent competition for young artists. Duncan Grant's picture (*below*) was from *Small Pictures for Small Rooms*, at Agnew's; J. F. Raffaelli's *Le Réveil* was in Arthur Tooth and Sons' *Paris-Londres* collection, and the Vertès exhibition contained many interesting gouaches and water-colours.

THE RED DOG, by Vertès.
(From the Lefevre Gallery.)



AVEBURY STONES, by S. R. Badmin.
(From the R.W.S. Galleries.)

THE CHURCH OF THE GESUATI, VENICE, by Duncan Grant.
(From Agnew's Gallery.)

LE RÉVEIL, by J. F. Raffaelli.
(From Arthur Tooth and Sons, Ltd. Gallery.)

MISS JOLANTA CZERNY, by Bernard Dunstan.
(From the Marlborough Gallery.)

LE CANAL DE LA VILLETTE, by Alphonse Quizet.
(From the Redfern Gallery.)

COSTUME DESIGN, by Sophie Fedorovitch.
(From the New Burlington Galleries.)

The World's Envoys to the Court of Queen Elizabeth

9.—HIS EXCELLENCY MR. B. G. KHER

(High Commissioner for India)

EARLY in 1952, the Prime Minister, Mr. Nehru, asked Shri Bal Gangadhar Kher to accept the post of High Commissioner for India at the Court of Queen Elizabeth. And so in July Mr. Kher came to India House, to be head of a staff of about 1200 men and women, the envoy of over 350,000,000 Indians.

His English is flawless and in his general demeanour there is never the slightest trace of rancour, yet in his advocacy of a free India he has known many prisons and long terms of detention. His eyes are direct, fearless, and he walks with the zest of a young man although he is nearly sixty-five years of age. He is slim, devout, eats neither meat nor fish, never smokes or drinks. Daily at six he rises for prayers; every evening after work he makes his peace with the world with the yeravda charkha, a tiny spinning wheel modelled on an invention by Gandhi, which can be folded and easily carried about by the devout.

Mr. Kher was educated at Wilson College, matriculated at the age of fourteen, and took his Arts degree at eighteen. He was Vurjeewandas Madhavdas Sanskrit scholar and Bhau Daji prizeman and Dakshina Fellow. In his eighteenth year he married the lady who has, in forty-seven years, seen his trials and triumphs. In 1930 he was arrested and sent to prison near Bombay for incidents arising out of the picking of salt. In 1932 he was arrested again for failure to report to the police every evening. He was tried and sentenced to two years' "rigorous detention," but was released in August 1933.

Success in the elections led to his touring Bombay Province for three months and galvanising the people. From 1937 to 1939 he was Premier; in 1946 he became leader of the Bombay Legislative Congress Party. From 1946 till last year he was Chief Minister of Bombay, and was elected to the Council of States.

High Commissioner in London and Ambassador in Dublin, Mr. Kher shoulders more responsibilities than those of many envoys. For India is the leader of Asia, and India's Prime Minister, Harrow-educated Mr. Nehru, is in continuous contact with the British Government in Whitehall—through Mr. Kher.

At his new residence in Kensington Palace Gardens, Mr. Kher has shown his love for nature by designing beautiful floral displays. His voice rings melodiously as he refers to the flowers in his home or the cotton he has been spinning. And his hands rise graciously to his chin as he stands before the statue of Buddha in the hall, or as with the unique Indian gesture of friendship, he greets his visitor and wishes him God-speed.

Left: Particularly lovely are the walls of the main drawing-room in this palace of art—which form the background for this study of the envoy of 350 million Indians. The High Commissioner has had a long career in India's service. In this salon are many relics of India's craftsmanship.

From the alcove on the first floor the High Commissioner and Mrs. Kher and their daughter-in-law, Indira, wife of one of their five sons, look out on the attractive gardens of the residence.

The High Commissioner enjoys the garden of his residence—he has designed beautiful floral displays and has constructed a fine pond —which overlooks Kensington Gardens.

The High Commissioner attributes his calm bearing to the time spent every evening after office work in cotton-spinning on a machine invented by Gandhi—the cotton is brought from India.

The High Commissioner and his wife stand by the imposing statue of Buddha in the entrance hall. Mrs. Kher lays a small flower while the High Commissioner, hands poised, is uttering a prayer.

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan

(*Plaza*)

IT is very right and proper that visitors to London in Coronation summer should have the chance of seeing a film about one of England's traditional institutions—Gilbert and Sullivan opera. True, they may be a little mystified by what they see, wondering how our grandfathers and grandmothers could have been so *late Victorian* as to take pride and delight in these prankish, jingling entertainments, with their quips and quiddities and tunes so simple that they seem to hit one straight on the drum of the ear. They might be even more mystified if they were to learn that the Gilbert and Sullivan operas are as popular to-day as they were in our grandparents' time; that the D'Oyly Carte company plays up and down the country all the year round to packed houses; and that, to all intents and purposes, the operas are still performed *exactly* as they were in the days when Mr. Gilbert, Dr. Sullivan and Mr. D'Oyly Carte first presented them at the Savoy Theatre. What an outcry there would be from the fans if they were not!

Any film-producer who handles a subject as nearly sacrosanct to generations of Englishmen as the game of cricket or the ceremony of afternoon tea, must be a man of great courage and determination. In the case of Launder and Gilliat's *The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan* these manifest qualities have been, I think, rewarded. The picture should please; at least, it should please what can be described as the Gilbert and Sullivan classes, and others, unversed in the Savoy tradition, who like to hear gay music beautifully performed.

The music is grand; of that there is no possible, probable shadow of doubt, no shadow of doubt whatever. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts the London Symphony Orchestra, with Muir Mathieson—who has probably done more for British film music in the last twenty years than any man living—as associate director and conductor. The singing voices are the best that could be obtained. Two recent members of the D'Oyly Carte Company—Martyn Green, appearing as George Grossmith, who originated the light comedy parts, and Thomas Round, as the Defendant in *Trial by Jury* and Nanki-Poo in *The Mikado*—will be recognised with pleasure by their fans. Australian-born Harold Williams, who has now returned to his native country, gives perhaps the most remarkable acting-and-singing performance of all as the Judge in *Trial by Jury*. Many of the voices are dubbed, by such outstanding singers as John Cameron, Elsie Morison and Webster Booth (who was once with the D'Oyly Carte Company too).

Sizeable excerpts from eight operas are given in the course of the film; and on the whole, the choice is good, although somebody, everywhere, is bound to be disappointed at the omission of his favourite number. (Why nothing from *Patience*? Why, when they touch on *Ruddigore*, stop short of *The Ghosts' High Noon*?)

If the music is the chief delight of *The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan*, the film is not lacking in other pleasures. The period background and costumes are quaintly attractive; perhaps my favourite scene shows the D'Oyly Carte Company's annual outing, a "River Picnic" with the company idly singing their way up-Thames in three bouquet-laden barges. The four leading parts are played with intelligence and real affection; by Maurice Evans as Sullivan, Peter Finch as D'Oyly Carte, Eileen Herlie as his cool, competent wife, and Robert Morley, fresh from *The Final Test*, as the testy Gilbert; a lovable autocrat who (it has been recorded elsewhere) kept a private tennis court some yards longer than regulation, because he was a hard hitter and found it difficult to keep the ball within the court as laid down by the laws.

The House of Wax

(*Warner*)

IF your idea of entertainment is a surfeit of horror for its own sake, you should lose no time in seeing *The House of Wax*.

This is a stereoscopic re-make of that old "flattie" *The Mystery of the Wax Museum*—the story of the revenge of a modeller in wax whose exhibits have been deliberately destroyed by fire, and who comes back *incognito* to create even better models by murdering his chosen subjects and coating their corpses with molten wax.

Incidentally, you will have to endure the further ordeal of wearing polaroid glasses, and a couple of aspirins before you go in might not be a bad idea.

As a "flattie," the film was no masterpiece, and whatever else stereoscopy can accomplish, it cannot transform a bad film into a good one. When, to everything else, you have twelve loud-speakers added, disposed strategically round the auditorium, to give you "stereophonic" sound—which makes ordinary noises sound like a boiler factory, and terrified screams like the yelling of tortured demons—one realises why the poet talked of silence as "the poultice that comes to heal the blows of sound"!

The House of Wax, in fact, has taken the film straight back from the realms of even pretentious art to the atmosphere of the Fun Fair and the Penny Peep Show. Stereoscopy is a new toy, and, by golly, they're going to make it play every trick in its repertoire. If the tricks don't help the story, so much the worse for the story.

The House of Wax is, in fact, a highly significant film, for it contains, amid all its nonsense, enough evidence to show that a revolution in film-making is well on the way. No one who sees it can doubt that the time is not far distant when a two-dimensional film will seem as dated and as unsatisfactory as a silent film now seems to a generation brought up to regard the talkie as a normal medium.

Two Pennyworth of Hope

(*Academy*)

RENATO CASTELLANI is a young Italian director with an enviable faculty for making films about poverty and unemployment that are really *cheerful*. His works, of which we have seen two in this country (*Springtime in Italy* and *Two Pennyworth of Hope*), somewhat resemble a big, high-spirited romp, and give the impression of being artless, which in fact they are not. The present one, for instance, was artful enough to win the First Grand Prix at last year's Cannes Festival.

The picture is made up of a series of incidents in the life of a good-hearted young soldier, who comes back to his village home on the slopes of Vesuvius, and finds himself frustrated at every turn. He is seldom able to get a job, and whenever he does, something is sure to turn up to drive him back into the ranks of the unemployed. What turns up is usually his sweetheart, a *gamine* girl with a fiery temper and a tongue that simply won't keep still.

Our hero variously tries his hand at capping bottles, pulling cab-horses up the hill, ringing the church-bells, and acting as bodyguard to young Communist bill-posters. In despair of finding (and keeping) work at home, he "emigrates" to near-by Naples. There he becomes a messenger for a small chain of cinemas; a job he holds down longer than most, because the lady proprietress has an ailing son, to whom he is able to give periodic blood transfusions. However, just when things begin to look more rosy, up pops his determined sweetheart on the doorstep, and presently he is out of work again, as well as being compromised with this nymph errant in the eyes of the whole village. There is nothing for it, he realises, but to marry the girl, and hope that something will turn up to-morrow.

In its closing scenes, *Two Pennyworth of Hope* manages to be rather tender and touching, as well as gay, and when all is said and done, the feeling it leaves behind is one of confidence in the essential goodness of human nature.

Castellani is a director who prefers to work with non-professional players; and, instead of bringing them to the studio, to take his camera to them. In this case, the film has been shot, to great effect, in the village of the story, and almost all the performers represent local talent. Not being familiar with Italian dialects, and having only the merest nodding acquaintance with *any* sort of Italian, I can't pretend to pass judgment on either dialogue or diction. But the voluble and volatile cast certainly make the characters seem convincing, and it's wonderful how much can be conveyed to an audience by pantomime alone

THE SWORD AND THE ROSE, the new live action Walt Disney production, is due for release at the end of June. In this scene, Henry VIII. (James Robertson Justice) at breakfast receives his sister Mary Tudor (Glynis Johns), who intercedes for the life of Charles Brandon (Richard Todd). Behind Mary Tudor stand Cardinal Wolsey (D. A. Clarke-Smith) and the Duke of Buckingham (Michael Gough).

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

PRELUDE TO SUMMER

The summer ball and the presentation dance are theoretically for the young, but they can provide a background for the more sophisticated woman, who would be a striking figure in this dramatic dress in black and contrasting stripes. It comes from the Joy Ricardo Salon, at Woollands, Knightsbridge.

(Our Fashion Portfolio pictures were photographed at The Royal Festival Hall.)

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

PRELUDE TO SUMMER

Right : One of the graceful, drifting dresses of the season, in pale green and gold organza, with a gossamer stole, which can become part of the dress. Ideally called " Midsummer Night's Dream " by the designer, in colouring and substance this is a summer evening dress. By Arthur Banks, from Marshall and Snelgrove.

Above : For summer, cotton is the fabric and white the colour. Cotton, crisp and freshly white, is used by leading Paris *couturiers* for the most dramatic dresses. The stark simplicity of cotton gives the young girl's traditional ball dress an added dignity. This gown in white marcella piqué, strapless, sweeping back, with a low-threaded sash of dark green tartan silk, is by Jolo, from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge.

Above : The short evening dress is not sufficiently formal for the stately ball, but is charming for a summer dance in the country. This strapless dress, in grey and white nylon, in stripes of varying widths, is right for the more sophisticated young girl, with pretty feet and ankles. This dress, by Frederick Starke, is from Rocha, Grafton Street ; and Forsyth, Coventry.

Specially photographed for "THE

Above : The ideal first ball dress—a mist of ivory tulle, with a garland of roses peeping from beneath the top layer of the double-tiered crinoline skirt. The bodice is draped, one shoulder covered, the other bare. The waist is tiny, merging into the wide, drifting skirt. Nostalgically lovely, this dress by Acquer is from Harrods, Knightsbridge ; and Handley's of Southsea.

KETCH" by Studio Hanover.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

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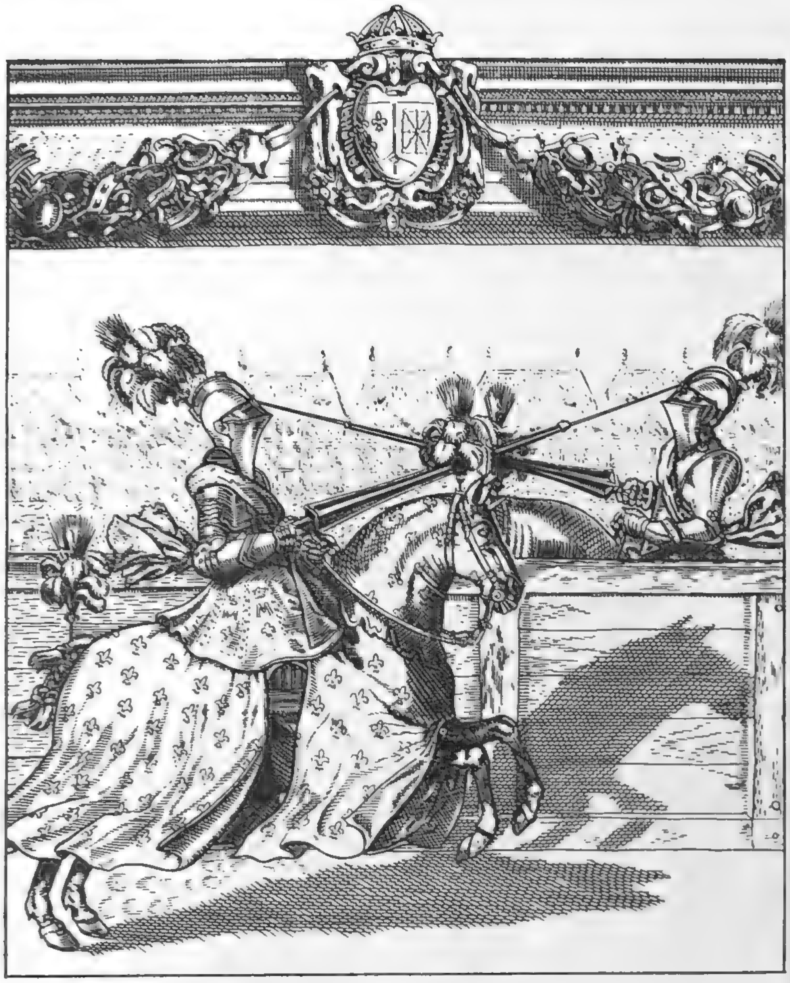

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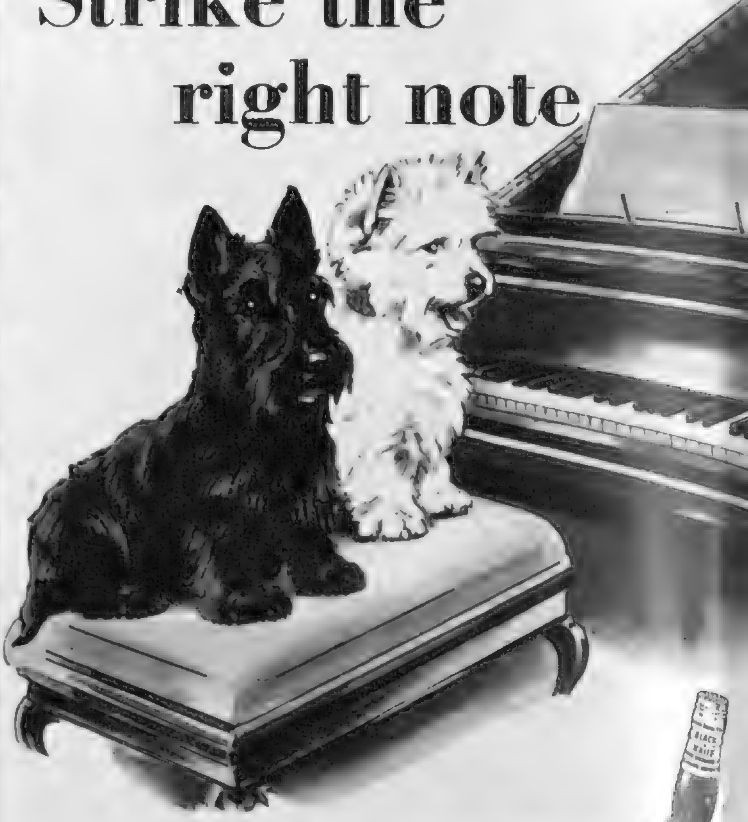

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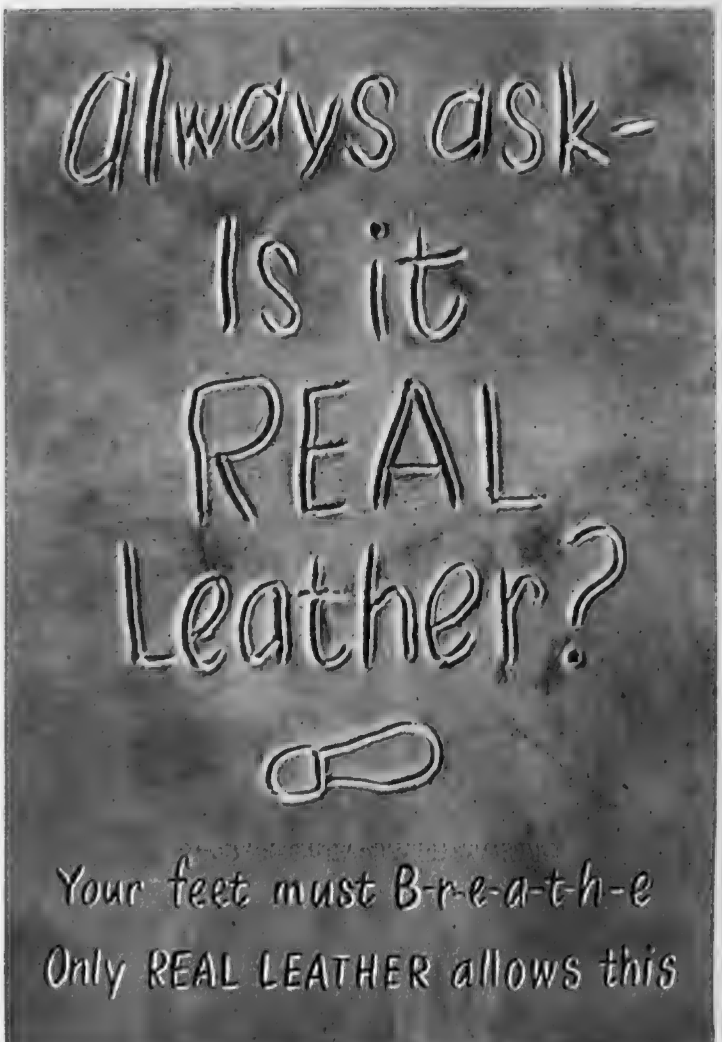

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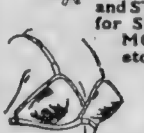

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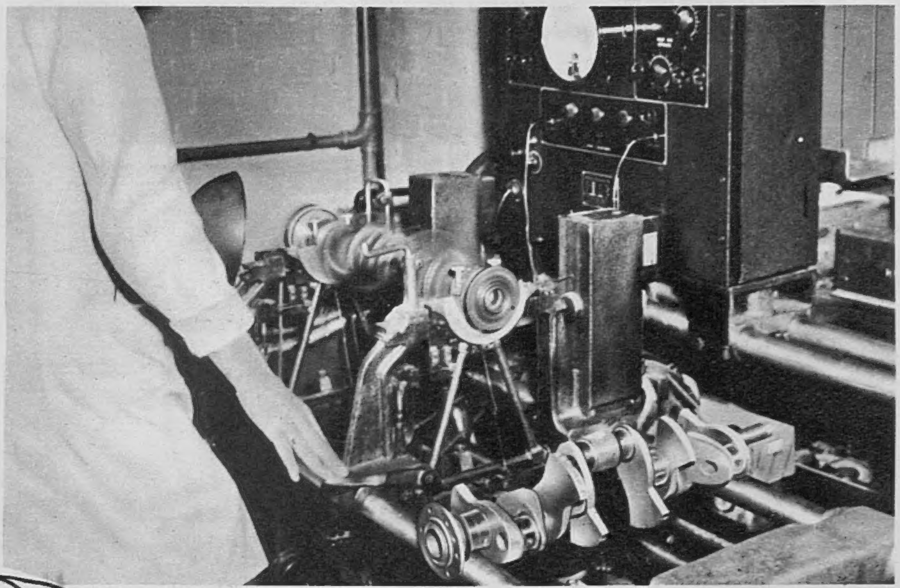

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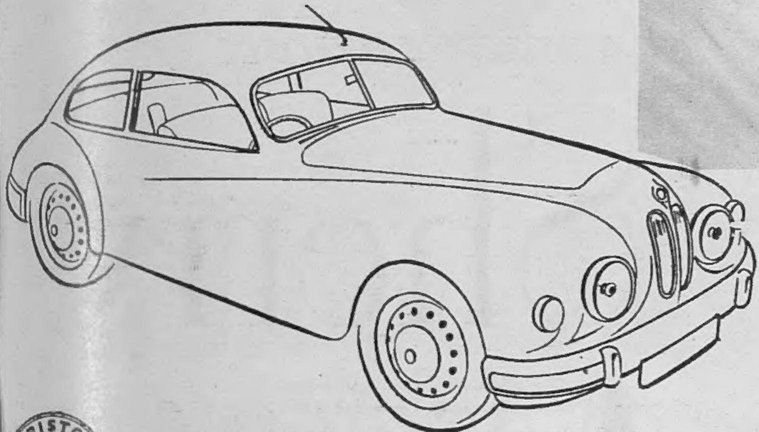

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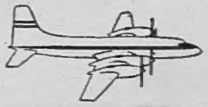

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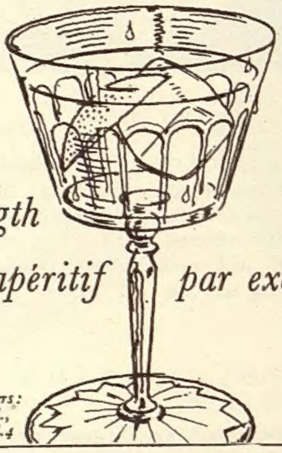

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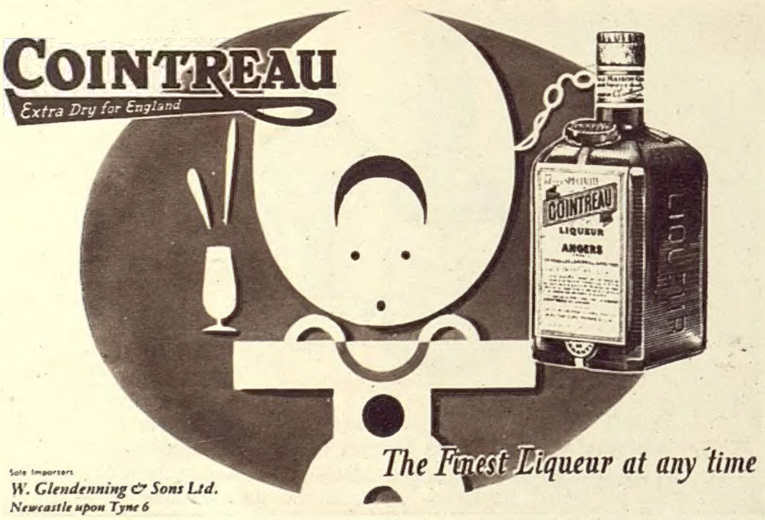

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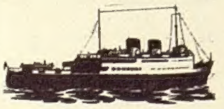

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